The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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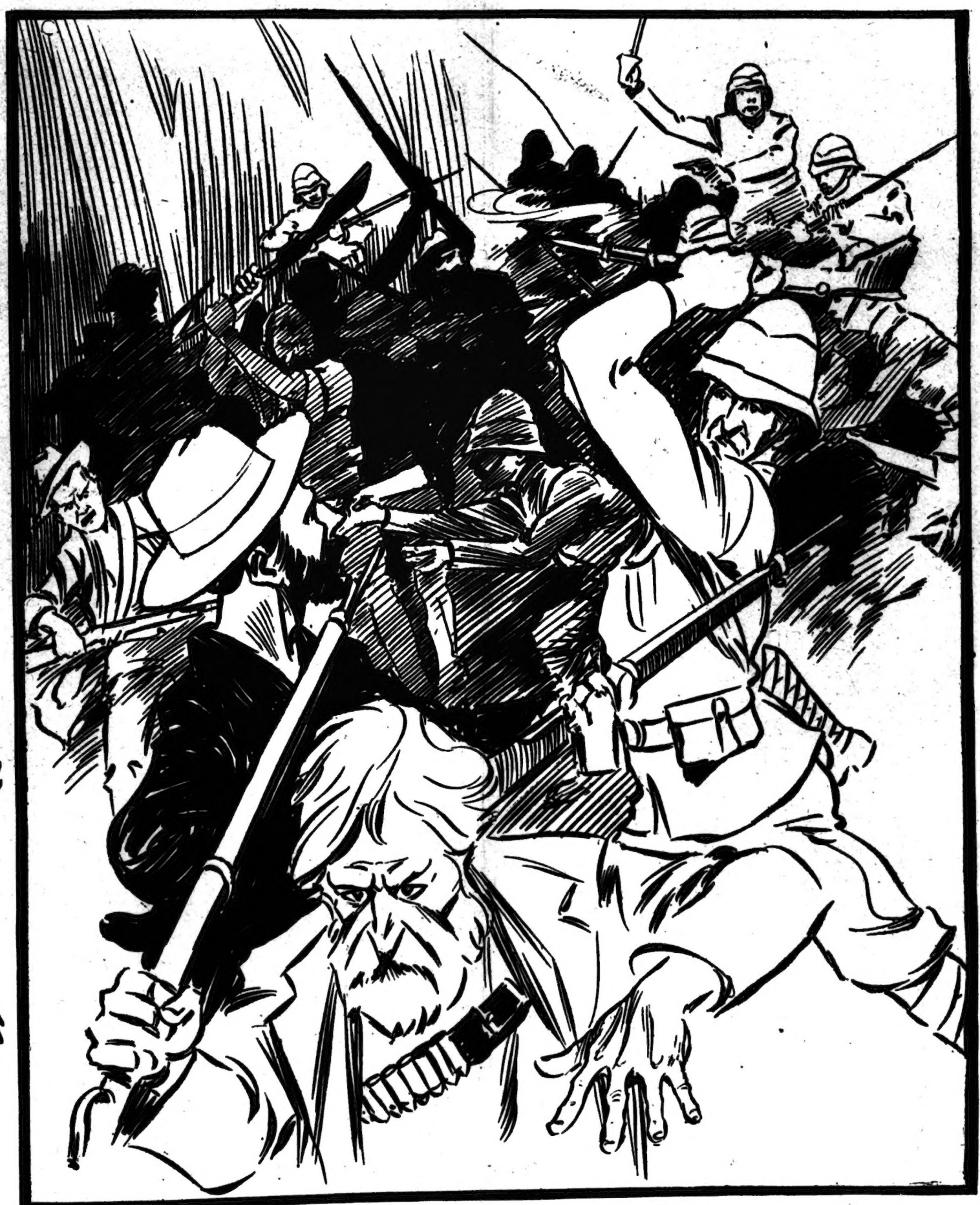
LATEST WAR NEWS.



WITH THE TROOPS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

A Small Detachment from Springfontein Defeats the Transvaalers and Captures Arms and Ammunition.

The Mirror of Life

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ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

H. Prater.—The Australians won.
T. Welton.—My Sweetheart trotted four miles in 10min 39 2-5sec.
R. X.—It was a dead-heat.
Vis.—Flying Fox, Royal Emblem, and Ninus.
D. Long.—The last Wednesday in May.
C. Kent.—Ten standing jumps by J. Darby covered 137ft 7in.
W. Smallman.—They are all heavy-weights.
T. Rudge.—He drove three horses alternately sixty miles in 2hr 53min 38sec.
H. Winters.—1. The records as they stand at present are not authentic. 2. The weights in some cases had not been tested.
S. E. T.—1. J. Roberts. 2. W. Cook.
O. O.—County Grounds, Bristol.
Blinco.—It will be played for at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, April 21.
E. Windsor.—Standing hop, step, and jump, with weights, 40ft 2in.
W. W.—Jabez White won in 8rds.
Elect.—1. No trotting meetings are held there now. 2. Wembley Park.
A. A. B.—The money is put together and divided.
Inquirer.—1. No race that year. 2. Thirty-nine rounds.
J. Watson.—Lady Combermere accomplished the journey at Manchester on June 10, 1895.
H. Mullis.—11 miles 932 yards, by W. G. George.
W. T. Neale.—1. Jem Ward and Tom Cannon fought for £1,000. 2. No; £500 a-side.
H. B. Stronger.—On the Wood Green track, 1895.
P. S.—King Crow, with 6st 10lb.
T. L. D.—Late Duke of Westminster, with £43,965.
O. P.—According to the number of wins he tied with 27.
E. Murphy.—At the Oval. England won.
T. Jenkins.—F. Allsopp had the largest number of mounts.
W. T. Thomas.—Held at different places.
H. Knighton.—Major Taylor, a coloured man.
A. Carver.—Frank Erne is now the light-weight champion of the world.
W. O.—1. 225 and 224 on a championship table. 2. The same match.
D. E.—Under Queensberry Rules, two rounds of 3min and one of 4min.
A. T. A.—Yes. Herschel and Greater Scot divided.
W. Fenney.—Two nines and eight, a seven, and a six count sixteen.
Subscriber.—The third championship competition was decided in Birmingham.
H. Dolton.—He won in twelve rounds.
R. V.—The pole jump was 11ft 9in.
T. Aimes.—1. His weight is 7st 2lb. 2. No contest under 8st 4lb allowed there.
H. Reedward.—He rode the first winner of the season.
C. C.—He was styled "Big Ben."
A. B. C.—Jem Jeffries is champion of the world.
M. O.—It was £200 and a belt.
T. Watcomb.—Under Queensberry rules.
E. P. D.—Members of the Amateur Boxing Association.
R. George.—Blink Bonny and Eleanor, both fillies, have won the Derby.
H. Roberts (Barry Dock, South Wales).—"Punch" Vaughan, Malakoff Club, Liverpool.
Black and White.—Cheltenham.
G. Beagrie (Dumfermline).—Drury Lane Theatre, 1894, and Glasgow.
C. H. A.—1. Next season. 2. Probably.
D. Bishop.—The hospital for soldiers at Netley.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

WILL CURLEY, OF NEWCASTLE, AND JABEZ WHITE, OF BIRMINGHAM.

BEN JORDAN AND TERRY McGOVERN—PROBABLE CONTEST.

AMATEUR CHAMPIONS—THE PRESENT AND THE PAST.

FITZSIMMONS OSTRACISED—MATCHES WITH FITZ OFF.

This evening, as far as the monetary consideration is concerned, will be contested one of the premier events of the boxing season, when Will Curley, of Newcastle, will meet Jabez White, of Birmingham, for a sum, stake money, and purse combined, representing some seven hundred and fifty-five pounds. The number of rounds are twenty, and the venue will be Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle. It was rather a big bid for the contest (£355) on the part of Mr. Michael Hailes in the week prior to the Easter holidays, when most of the Northerners are saying up for a fling during the long holiday vacation. Still, the Northerners are sportsmen to the backbone, and an illustration of this fact was to be found last week. No cheap trips from Newcastle were available. Yet there travelled from that coaly town sportsmen who were willing to pay full fare (return), nearly a couple of sovs, put up for a day or two at an hotel, involving another couple, and buy a ticket for the championship, spending perhaps a fiver to see as poor a show in the way of boxing as any we have seen. We instance this to show the sacrifices some men will make to see their favourite sport, and the favourite sport at the present time in the North is boxing. Put two good lads together with some side dishes and the biggest covered space in the district will easily fill at good prices. In fact, the largest covered space in Newcastle was negotiated for, but was already engaged. Boxing promoters know this or there would not be such big bidding to secure a match. Birmingham in the days of old sent up, both as boxers and fighters, some of the very best, and we have only to name two at one weight—one a champion fighter and the other a champion modern boxer (Joe Nolan in the past and Tommy Hill in the present) to show the good stuff of which boxers were made. In fact, for its size Birmingham has produced more fighters and boxers than any other area out of London. We did not think Will Curley could give weight to Nat Smith, but he successfully conceded it to the little carpenter. Shakespeare tells us "There is no medicine for a mind diseased," and on the above occasion Nat Smith's mental condition was such, owing to a domestic calamity, that he could not do himself justice. We fancy we shall see Curley's recent opponent in better shape when he meets Jack Gibson. Jack is one of the best North Country lads we know at the weight, and the winner of this bout of fisticuffs will have to be very smart indeed. As we were susceptible to the idea that Will Curley could not concede weight to Nat Smith, we also think that the North Countryman will have a difficulty in conceding weight to Jabez White. It is a trite saying of North Country folk that every cock fights best on its own midden, and no doubt Will Curley, surrounded by troops of admirers and encouraged by their plaudits, will have an advantage; but a real fighter, like a runner looking for the tape and the tape only, sees only his man, and thinks not of the plaudits of the crowd, good or bad, but of overcoming his adversary. It is asking Curley a lot to present nearly two inches in height and almost half a stone in weight to an adversary, but both the Newcastle lad and his backer, Parker, think, like the backers of Tom Hill, of Birmingham, when he met Toff Wall, that he can do this. Perhaps the same fate that befell Hill may befall Curley, but we have no doubt the pride of Newcastle will do his best. Both men express themselves in the acme of condition, Jabez, so we read, more particularly so, and that of White is so perfect that his backer, Mr. Charley Stannard, is in ecstasies, in fact, he was wound up to concert pitch a week or more ago.

If the outlook of the present boxing season as far as the N.S.C. is concerned is not very luminous, the beginning of the next bids fair to be very interesting. The voyage to England at the present time is so speedy that we make the acquaintance of American boxers in modern boxing almost as soon as we read about them, whereas in the past we only knew them by repute. Thus we had a memorable visit from J. L. Sullivan, another from Jake Kilrain, the hero of the memorable draw with Jem Smith. J. L. Sullivan was defeated, and his conqueror, James Corbett, came to this country. Corbett's debut in the British Isles was an ever memorable one, for he made his appearance at one of our principal theatres, where foot of pug. upon its stage had never previously trod. Fleet Street is no stranger to Tom Sharkey, McCoy, or Fitzsimmons, and now we are promised the advent of that modern wonder in boxing, Terry McGovern. We say wonder advisedly, for Terry is the holder of two championships, one of which he has delegated to Dan Dougherty, and it is over the feather-weight championship that all things being equal Terry will meet Ben Jordan at the National Sporting Club in the autumn of this year. To us it seems like Jordan running up against Dick Burge; for should ever Terry make a bid for the light-weight championship it is just on the cards that Terry McGovern would find heavy backing, whoever the holder of that title might be on the day that Terry issues his cartel of defiance. It would be a record in fistics ancient and modern for one man to hold, or to have held, three championships, the bantam, the feathers, and the light-weight. Nothing is more likely than the unexpected; Ben Jordan may develop unexpected resources, and prove that Bermondsey, which gave us one of the greatest of little champions, the renowned Dick Curtis (King Dick), may yet give us another in the person of Ben Jordan, but the odds will be long ones in favour of Terry McGovern, whenever these lads meet.

The balance-sheet of the committee of the amateur championships showed them last year to be a long way on the right side of the ledger, and this year with a vast attendance the banking account should be still more augmented. We are never favoured with any returns from the powers that be at the German Gymnasium, but we should consider that a balance-sheet would reveal excellent profits on their annual entertainment. Noticing the paucity of boxing form this year at the championships and the lack of candidates from Birmingham, Manchester, and other places, which at one time sent capable boxers to compete, we ask could a portion of the profits made out of amateur boxers not be devoted to paying the training expenses of many boxers throughout the country who are willing to compete in these annual championships but have not the means of doing so? We would not have wasted time over this subject only it seems so palpably unfair that the lad who comes straight from the workshop or warehouse, having no money and few friends, but an earnest desire to shine in his profession, should have to meet on the level the lad with many friends, who pay for a month's training and put him in the hands of a skilled professor—a professor who perhaps may second him on the day of the competition. Using the noble art as a money-making game is not conducive to its advancement, and for the want of earnest-hearted men to give their support to boxing, correcting the neophyte when he is wrong and giving the capable aspirant for championship honours a little encouragement boxing is becoming buffoonery.

"I'm in the swim, boys, I'm in the swim." Thus might Tom Sharkey sing at the present time. All manner of difficulties appear to be thrown in the way of "Lanky Bob" getting a match. After the match between Sharkey and Fitzsimmons fell through, because Fitz could not in justice to himself fight at a club of Tom O'Rourke's choosing, Fitz thought he had another string to his bow in the shape of a contest with "Kid" McCoy. Judge, then, of the surprise of the erstwhile champion to find that McCoy had called off his contest with Fitzsimmons and signed to fight Sharkey. It looks on the surface as if a certain clique who have matters under their own control have determined to play the game without Fitzsimmons. When big matches are on the *tapis*, and there is money in it, contestants are not so particular as to the posting of the forfeit money when punctuality is necessary to avoid foreclosure of a mortgage. This was McCoy's excuse with regard to his non-fulfilment of his match with Fitz. McCoy is wise in his generation. The "Kid" evidently considers Tom Sharkey easier game.

TWO MEXICANS RACE FOR A WEALTHY AND PRETTY BRIDE.

Who Awaited the Riders with Everything Prepared for the Ceremony.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A very wealthy rancheman of Morelos, Mexico, had a beautiful daughter and two rivals in the field for the young lady whose claims were equal, and she herself declined to favour one more than the other, so to decide who should have the lady's hand a test was granted. This was a race from two different quarters by both young men, the distance being ten miles. Nat Herve was tall and dark, and mounted his best black horse to win, if possible. Jose Valetta had under him a splendid grey, determined to wrest the prize from his rival. The race drew a large concourse of people, while the bride and priest awaited the lucky rider who should get home first. This proved to be Herve, who passed the flag two lengths to the good, beating Valetta on the grey after a close race.

A JEALOUS WIFE SHOOTS HER HUSBAND AND NEIGHBOUR.

The Man Dead; the Woman Not Expected to Recover.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A story of jealousy and crime was recently enacted at Malines, in Belgium. Two women, who were neighbours, became deeply embittered towards each other, which ultimately ended in the death of one of the parties. Francois Bellentin was married, but spent a good deal of time with his neighbour. This angered his wife, whose jealousy of the other woman who was stealing away the affections of her husband aroused the spirit of murder. Waiting with a revolver behind the fence in the garden, when the couple approached, the wife fired, the bullet entering her husband's chest, and he fell; she then turned the weapon on the woman, and inflicted injuries which proved fatal to her. It is not expected that any jury will convict her.

OPIUM DEN RAIDED BY THE POLICE OF PARIS.

A Fashionable Resort for Debased Society.

(Subject of Illustration.)

In Paris the police recently raided a fashionable opium den just off the Arc de Triomph in the Rue de l'Etoile. The furniture was seized and the place closed. The proprietress, a French woman, the widow of a recenty deceased Chinaman, who held a high official position in Paris, was left at liberty. Eight ladies and gentlemen were found on the premises smoking opium and drinking laudanum. Their names and addresses were taken, and it is understood they are to be prosecuted. All are well known in society. Several scenes of a scandalous nature have occurred there, and have from time to time led to the interference of the police.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

Among the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—Tommy Hogan (of America), Mr. Pardo (Paris, France), J. T. Hulls, jun., R. Perfitt-Harvey, Old Joe Spencer (ancient walking phenomenon), John Riley (Beswick Inn, Manchester), Miss Julie Jacobs (La Mascotte Company), Bill Pincombe, Louis Geisler, Thomas Lansdown, Jem Barry, George Elliott, Frank Exall, Jem Exall, Alf Slater ("Old Skiddy"), Jemmy Lowes (Hexham House, Newcastle), "Pedlar" Palmer, Harry Mansfield, Mr. Patterson (Stack Rock Tavern, Stoke Newington.

OUR LETTER BOX.

Letters are lying at our office for Samuel E. Craig (two), "Greek" George, John Manibusan (boxing booth proprietor), B. Dobbs, Frank Leon (comedian) (two), Charles Mitchell (English champion boxer), R. H. Page, Billy Plimmer, Dick Burge, J. E. Donegan, P. J. King, P. Gorman, George Slark, Angus Griffo, C. McCoy, Driver Pincher, Ernie Greaves, Robert Fitzsimmons (three), J. F. White (three), J. Eden, H. Chance Newton, J. Corbett, Claude Thompson, Jem Hall, George Fox Giles (America or Australia), Ted Wakeham (whippet fancier), Jem Holloway, Tommy Hogan, and G. J. Smink.

MIKE FLYNN, OF LONDON, WILL box J. Jackson, of Crewe, for £25 or £50 a-side and the best purse offered.

LATEST WAR NEWS.

FIGHTING AT WEPENER.

BOERS REPULSED WITH HEAVY LOSS.

FINE PRACTICE BY OUR ARTILLERY.

GARRISON SAFE.

ALIWAL NORTH, April 9, 9.40 a.m.

An engagement was fought at Wepener to-day.

The Boers used a Vickers-Maxim, which did considerable execution at first, but the British guns soon got the range and played great havoc among the enemy.

The Boer commando which was at Rouxville has gone to Wepener.

There has been severe fighting all day at Wepener.

The enemy have received a check.

The casualties on both sides are pretty heavy.

Another commando is advancing on Wepener from Dewetsdorp.

Small bodies of the enemy have been seen across the river. Near the town of Odendaalstroom the pont has been destroyed. A Boer commando 600 strong which was at Rouxville has proceeded to Wepener, together with a larger commando from Smithfield. There are two commandoes round Wepener, but only outpost firing has taken place up to the present.

A lieutenant of Brabant's horse has been captured at Rouxville by Boers who had surrendered. The Landdrost of the place is also said to have broken his oath.

A detachment of the Cape Artillery with three guns and a squadron of the Queenstown Mounted Volunteers arrived to-day. Many Free Staters who had already taken the oath are rejoining the Boer commandoes.

The small force of Royal Irish Rifles now here is commanded by Major Allan, and the other officers are: Captains Morphy and Hall, Adjutant Wilmot-Sitwell, and Lieutenants Wright, Spedding, Alston, Hamilton, Cinnamond, Nelson, Captain Spottiswood (attached), Major Shine, R.A.M.C., and Quartermaster Dwyer.

There is also a small force of mounted Volunteers.

Major Allan deserves great credit for the skill with which he brought his men out of a difficult position.

ALIWAL NORTH, April 10.

It is reported that heavy fighting again took place at Wepener this morning. The result is not known. The Boers consist of three commandoes, and have a Vickers-Maxim and other guns.

MAFEKING STILL HOLDING OUT.

MAFEKING, March 27.
(By runner from Gaberones.)

Last night we received news of the advance of the southern relief column.

The enemy opened fire at sunrise this morning from seven guns, five 9-pounders, one 12-pounder, and a 100-pounder.

The most vigorous bombardment which we have experienced during the siege ensued.

The Boer siege gun alone has fired over 60 rounds already.

Under cover of their artillery fire the enemy made an advance upon the northern face of our works, but retired precipitately on coming within rifle range.

An advance was also made upon the south-western posts, which are commanded by McKenzie, but the enemy were repulsed with one casualty.

The force under Jan Cronje is evidently falling back before the advance of the relief column from the south, and, together with the two commandoes retiring before Colonel Plumer, is concentrating upon us for a final attempt to reduce the town.

All the forts and outlying positions are manned. The whole garrison is standing to arms, and everybody is under cover.

We are convinced that this is the enemy's last attempt.

BOBS' MOVEMENTS.

GREAT ACTIVITY IN CAMP.

The movement of troops continues with bewildering frequency, brigades and divisions appearing and disappearing at brief intervals. No specific accounts of such movements are permitted by Lord Roberts.

Some remounts were fired on on April 7, on the railway, while they were on their way to Bloemfontein from the south, and the enemy are reported to be in considerable numbers to the south-east of the line. Their intentions have not yet been discovered, but they are under close observation.

The Boers are also apparently feeling their way frequently to the west of the line. British observation extends to Truter's Drift, twenty-five miles from Bloemfontein, on the road to Boshof.

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, March 31, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

The Senate has passed the bill of Assemblyman Martin E. Lewis, of Monroe County, which repeals the Horton bill and prohibits boxing or sparring matches in New York. The bill makes it a misdemeanor to participate in any such match where an admission fee is directly or indirectly charged, or to issue or carry a challenge for such match. The vote was a strictly party one, all of those voting for it being Republicans, the nays being voted by Democrats. The bill will take effect on September 1.

Bob Fitzsimmons can now say that he belongs to the ostracised set of pugilists, for last night "Kid" McCoy cast him aside in favour of Tom Sharkey, and the pair are to meet at the Seaside Sporting Club next summer. McCoy says that he was compelled to take this step because Fitzsimmons failed to live up to the articles which were signed last Saturday. According to the agreement, the men were to have deposited 2,500dols with Jemmy Wakely, the final stakeholder. Nine o'clock last night was understood to be the time limit. McCoy's lucre was ready, but Fitz, Wakely said, did not produce his. Naturally McCoy then sought O'Rourke and the match with Sharkey was made. The winner will meet the victor of the Jeffries-Corbett fight. Whether he wins, loses, or draws, Sharkey is to fight Gus Ruhlin. The pair agree to meet under Marquis of Queensberry rules on June 25 for 60 per cent. of the gross receipts, the winner to take 65 and the loser 35 per cent. The match is made at catch-weights, and Johnny White is named as referee. The club agrees to forfeit 1,000dols in the event of a failure to hold the contest. In the meantime Sharkey and McCoy are pledged not to engage in any other fight under penalty of 500dols. For the first time in his fistic career Robert Fitzsimmons, ex-champion of the world, appeared at the First Regiment Armoury, Philadelphia, in what was to have been a six rounds bout with Jem Daly, former sparring partner of ex-champion James J. Corbett. The fight lasted just one round, as the lanky Australian never allowed his opponent to get out of his corner. Although Daly was a veritable punching bag to the ex-champion, still, the single round served to demonstrate that Fitz has lost none of his cleverness as a boxer or any of his prowess as a hitter. Three of the blows that he landed on Daly was terrific, and of sufficient force to have put any of the big fellows out of the business. After taking the limit twice, Daly was sent down with a left on the jaw at the gong. He was assisted to his corner, but was too badly used to go on for the second. "Spike" Sullivan had a harder time with Young Starr at the Nonpareil A.C. here to-night than he expected, and the best that he could do at the finish was a draw. The club-house was packed to the doors, as "Spike" is a favourite here. Both men agreed to fight straight Marquis of Queensberry rules, and the "go" was replete with rough and exciting fighting throughout the six rounds. Sullivan appeared to be out of condition, and while he had the better of the first, second, and fifth rounds, Starr more than evened up things in the other rounds by his quick foot work. Al Smith, the well-known sporting man, celebrated his sixtieth birthday, Tuesday, in a royal fashion. He received many congratulations, costly presents, and a perfect ovation from his many friends. There were flowers in all kinds of pretty designs and diamonds galore. Al Smith bears his sixty winters and summers like a man of forty-five. He was in fine form last night to receive the ovation that his friends gave him. At Miles, Ohio, nearly one thousand sports saw Matthew Mattbews put Owen Zeigler to sleep in the second round. The knockout blow came after 1min 13sec of the second round. Both men were in splendid form. The betting was 100 to 70 on Mat-thews. Billy Madden and Tom O'Rourke, managers respectively of Gus Ruhlin and Tom Sharkey, met yesterday and matched their men for a twenty-five rounds encounter, to take place at the Coney Island Club about June 1.

Gus Ruhlin knocked "Yank" Kenny out last night at Hartford, in the sixth round, after two minutes and twelve seconds of fighting. Kenny was simply used up, and rolled about on the canvas with both hands clasped across his stomach, and face distorted. It was the first round that really did Kenny up, and he was no use after that, fighting helplessly, hopelessly, and having to be helped to his corner after each round.

At Yonkers last night Tom Broderick and Fred Van Nuch, of Mount Vernon, were the stars at the Waverley A.C. The men met for twenty rounds at 135lb. Clever twisting of his head saved Van Nuch from a knock out in the ninth. Broderick made a punching bag out of Van Nuch, but the latter stayed the twenty rounds, Broderick getting the decision.

Last Thursday night Oscar Gardner met Patsy Haley before the Shawnee Ohio Athletic Club. An objection at the last minute by Haley's backers regarding the division of the purse delayed the fight. Time was called at 12.15 a.m. Both men showed up in fine form, and weighed in at 122lb. The fight was fast and furious. Haley had the best of it in the first round, but lost in the third, being knocked down twice and out.

At Philadelphia, Pa., last night the bout between Dave Sullivan, of Boston, and Tim Callahan, of this city, at Industrial Hall, came to an abrupt termination in the third round, when Referee Schlicter disqualified the Boston lad for hitting in a clinch.

THE TATTLER.

HE MISTOOK HIS BERTH AND FOUND HIMSELF IN DIFFICULTIES.

A Lady Passenger was Prepared for All Comers.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MANY are the mistakes made by travellers unaccustomed to the ways on board of a ship, or the sleeping accommodation of the fast-running Pullman cars which are attached to most of the best trains in England and America. An incident where a gentleman had lost track of his berth, and being unable to find it, inspected several in the hopes of succeeding, but felt greatly alarmed when a lady, revolver in hand, warned the intruder to come no nearer. The traveller found his bunk and quickly made himself scarce.

LOST ROD, LINE, AND FISH.

An Eagle's Bold Sweep after its Prey.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A FISHERMAN named J. Tait had a peculiar experience at Loch Ness. With the hope of making a good show he stayed later than usual, and just before dusk was in the act of drawing to the bank a fine fish, weighing something like twelve pounds, which had played upon his line for thirty minutes. As the fish came to the surface a large bird of the eagle kind swooped down, and before the fisherman could realise what had happened, bore off fish with hook and line, the rod dangling in the air some twenty feet below, and flew in a northerly direction out of sight.

A SKELETON IN EVERY CUPBOARD.

How Two Sisters Behaved at Home.

(Subject of Illustration.)

EMILY and Maude were the two daughters of Mr. T. Walham, and a rivalry had long existed between these two pretty girls, so that considerable friction was caused in the household when Emily suggested one thing and Maude another. A climax was reached when Maude, possessing herself with a whip, assaulted her sister, so much so that it was feared she had done serious injury, and the young lady will have to answer the charge before a magistrate.

BILL FIELDER,

Who Met Harry Mansfield at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, April 9.

(With Portrait.)

BEAT Johnny Thomas in 6rds; beat Johnny Thomas in 10rds; beat George Slark in 10rds; beat "Wag" Lansdown (Army) in 6rds; beat Joe Barrett in 7rds; beat Dave Morbin in 6rds; beat Joe Johnson in 8rds; beat Bill Hoad in 5rds; beat George Cooper in 8rds; beat Tom Cooper in 2½rds; beat Marsh Winters in 1½rd; beaten by Sid Scales in 8rds; beat Dick Curtis in 6rds; beat Sam Knowles in 3rds: beat Alf White in a final competition in 1½rd; beaten by Dick Johnson on a foul in 3rd, also in 7rds; fought Harry Mansfield at the N.S.C. Monday, April 9, and resulted in a draw, 15rds.

FATAL FIRE AT THE HOTEL BRETAGNE, COMO.

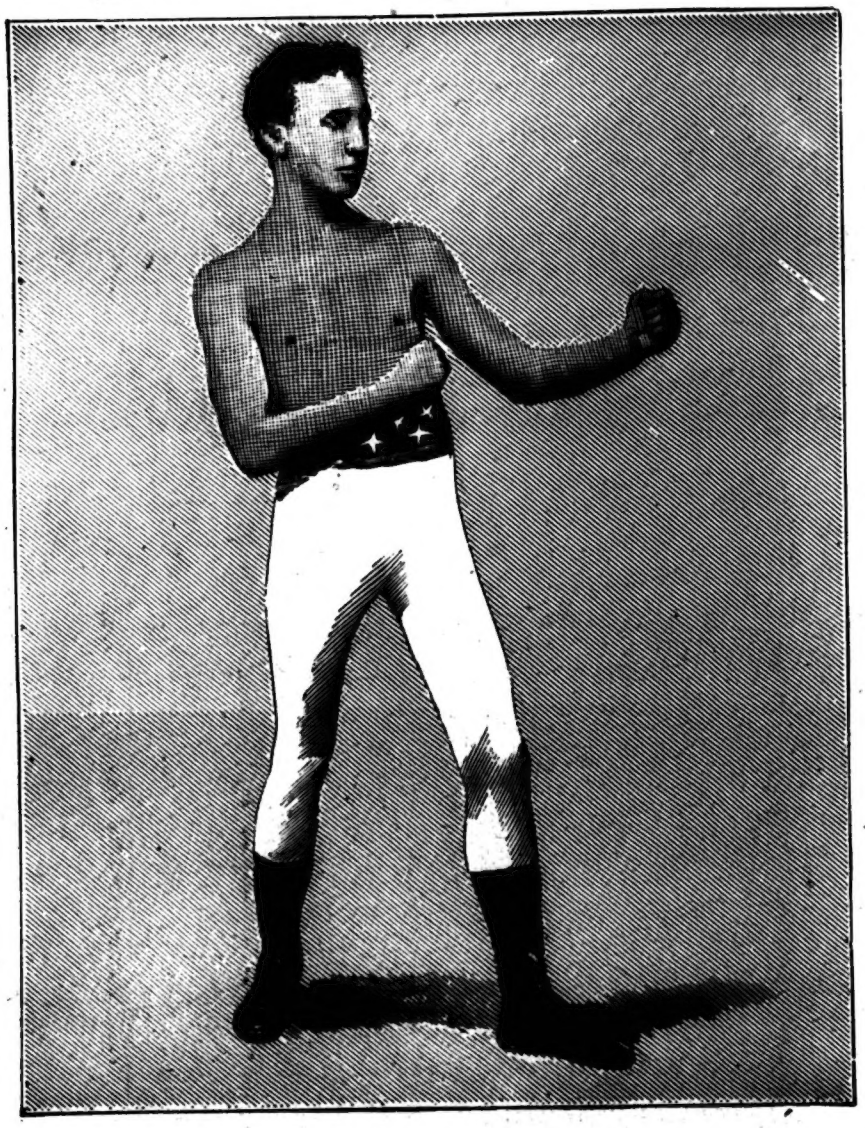
Five Persons Perish in the Flames.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A FIRE attended with fatal results occurred last week at a big hotel in Switzerland, in which unhappily five lives were lost. The visitors, of which the hotel was full, rushed panic-stricken from the place, attired only in their night dresses; some had to crawl upon the floor to avoid the smoke, others, partially dressed, jumped from the windows. The place was quickly reduced to ruins, there being little or no water for the firemen to combat the flames, which quickly destroyed the premises, and charred the remains of the unfortunate victims who failed to escape.

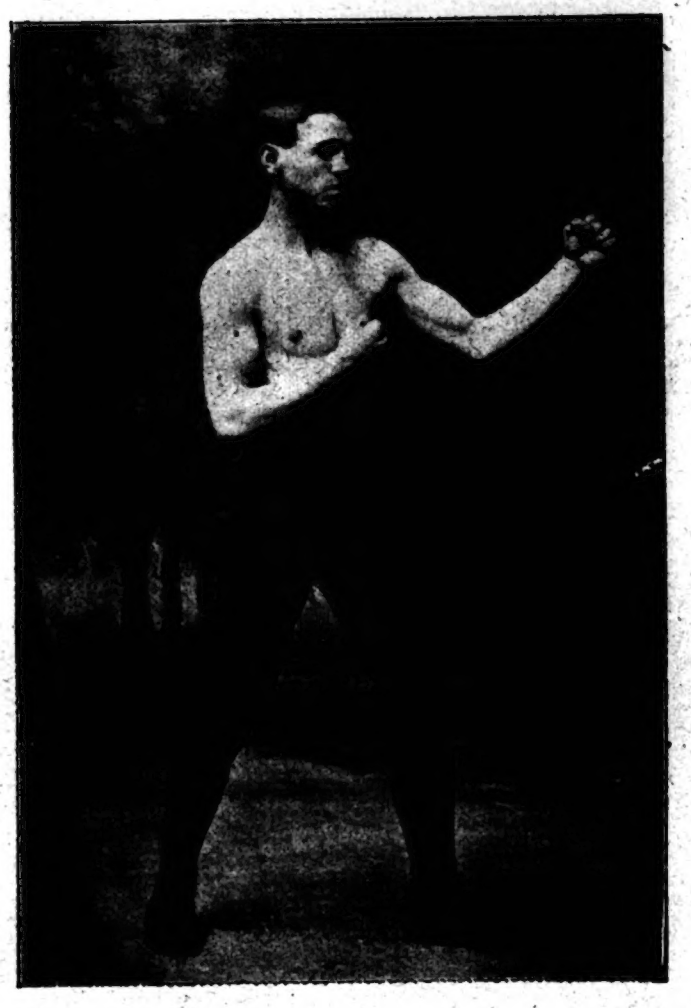
LOST AND FOUND.

"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]



TOMMY WHITE,

Matched to Meet Terry McGovern in a Six Rounds Contest at Chicago.



TERRY McGOVERN,

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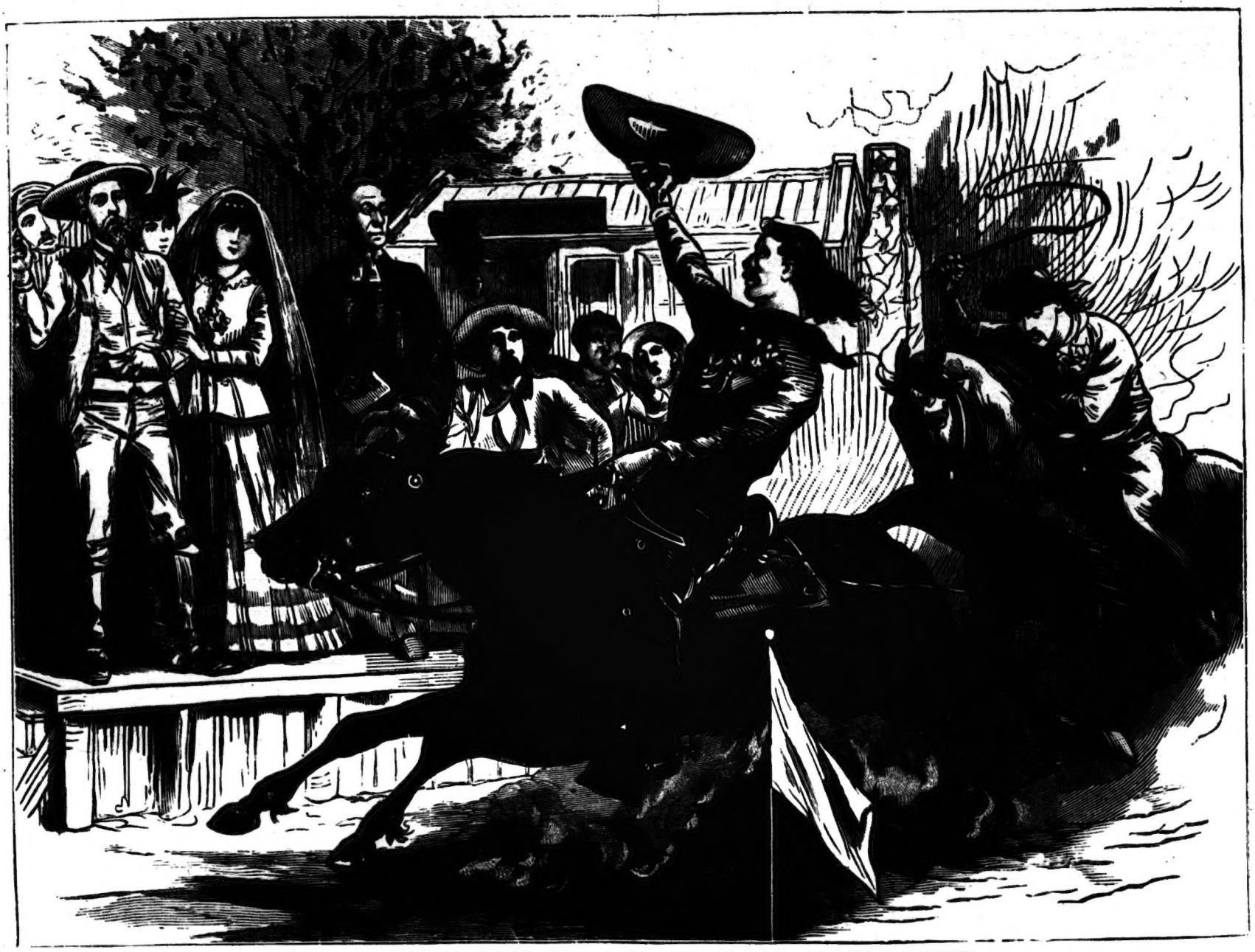


TWO MEXICANS RACE FOR A WEALTHY AND PRETTY BRIDE,

Who Awaited the Riders with Everything Prepared for the Ceremony.

BOXING GROUP OF H.M.S. ROYAL OAK.
The Lads who Man the "Wooden" Walls of Old England.

A JEALOUS WIFE SHOOTS HER HUSBAND AND NEIGHBOUR.
The Man Dead, the Woman not Expected to Recover.

OLD JOE SPENCER, WHO HAS recently performed such herculean tasks in the walking line at eighty-one years of age, is now in a state of utter destitution. Joe has been before the public sixty-eight years, having won his first race at the age of twelve years. Joe Spencer's real name is Reynolds, and he is claimant to a lot of property in Chancery, but want of means prevents his feeing solicitors. The money is there, and Joe is the next-of-kin. Will any speculator help him? Joe's address is No. 10, Chippenham Road, Harrow Road.

A PUB. AND A PROPRIETOR WITH a Record.—Jem Smith, late of the Anchor and Hope, Brook Street, Ratcliffe, may well be proud of the honourable name he bears, and it's no wonder that a great crowd of sportsmen gathered together on Thursday evening last to give him a house warming at that famous house, no less than the Hoop and Horseshoe, Queen Street, Tower Hill, famous in the days of Dick Turpin and Tom King; it being the very house where Tom stayed, while Bonny Black Bess was shod only one hour previous to him shooting Tom King. As a sportsman Jem has proved himself one of the best. As a sculler, runner, swimmer, and jumper over hurdles he has taken upwards of 50 prizes. It is not many men in the public trade can boast of having coached an M.P., excuse me, Mr. Editor, not a mud pusher, but a real live Member of Parliament, none other than the popular member for East London, Stepney Division, Bill Steadman, so called as a working man candidate (Steadman) having served his apprenticeship as a barge builder under the above. Jem was always popular, and it is no wonder that his old friends gave him a grand send off, amongst whom we recognised: Mr. and Mrs. Hender, Captain Myers, Vice-Captain Harry Lane, Treasurer D. G. Kidd, of the Wapping Rowing Club, Geo. Larnder, Mr. and Mrs. Hanson, Geo. Parter, Mr. and Mrs. Anouges, the Brothers Phillips, Jack Manning, Dick Manning, jun., Old Joe Farrell, Issie Mendoza, Brothers George, and a whole host of his old customers. Jem intends to make things hum directly, and after sampling the good things of life an adjournment was made to the club room, which was tastefully decorated by evergreens and our National Flags, the Harp of Erin being most conspicuous. Mr. Pittman having opened the proceedings with a splendid selection of war music, the chairman, Mr. Lawghan, better known as "Bonny Scotty," announced Mr. Driscol, who sang about Majuba. Mr. Buller, with "Hairs Grow Whiter," gave way to Mr. Welch, who warbled about "London Town." Dick Manning was smart with "Lancashire Boys"; so was "All Along the Rails," by Mr. Brian. Joe Farrell gave his latest song, "United," and as an encore "Drink, Boys," he being in fine voice, met with great applause. In answer to the gentleman who wanted a copy of Joe's two songs sung by him, they are protected, and are one guinea each. A change was now made by a sweet little girl of ten and a half summers, Miss Tulley, who gave a piano solo and finished up with the "Khartoum War March." Needless to say, she was applauded to the echo. Mrs. Phillipps was very fetching in "Dashing Barmaid," and her grand old man Jack, in "Tally Ho, Harkaway," won golden opinions. Several other artistes contributed to the enjoyment of all, everything passing off in a very pleasant and satisfactory manner. Here's to your health, Jim. We wish you every success in your new venture.

THE TEN MILES AMATEUR CHAMpionship.—Owing to C. Bennett, the holder, having so severe a cold that he could not defend his title, the ten miles championship at Stamford Bridge on Saturday lost much of its interest. A narrow victory for S. J. Robinson (Northampton), who won in 1898, resulted, after a grand struggle, by 2 3-5sec, in 53min 14 2-5sec, from J. T. Rimmer (Southport Harriers). A. S. Maples (South London) was third, in 54min 55sec, and, like F. Appleby (Herne Hill), E. H. Morris (Salford), E. Waterson (Salford), J. D. Marsh (Salford), A. J. Owen (Small Heath), and C. South (Salford Harriers) won a large standard medal for beating 56½min; while small standard medals for beating 58min were won by J. Brady (Salford) and F. E. Matthewman (Small Heath Harriers). H. B. Robinson (Herne Hill Harriers) was the only other runner who finished. There were seventeen starters. The winner and runner-up were in close company all the way.

HELP FOR TOMMY ATKINS: CONcert and Ball at Holborn Town Hall.—Sportsmen have all had their turn at helping our brave defenders who are fighting their country's cause, and it was the turn of the lovers of the terpsichorean art to add to the fund. Dancing does, and always will, find a place in the amusements of every class, as well as every nation, but in the East-end of London lovers of the sport have not deteriorated from the standard of grace and the courtly manner that our ancestors counted an essential part of their education. Quick, jerky waltzes have supplanted the stately measure of the minuet and gavotte, spasmodic bows do justice for the courtly curtseys of old, and even the ordinary square dances have degenerated into little more than a general shuffle, to be terminated with as much expedition as possible. It cannot be denied that to day the term dancing embraces all these and many more defects, but in the world of dancing in the eastern portion of the metropolis the sport is seen to advantage. There is no better exercise, or recreation, than dancing, where beauty of face, symmetry of form, and natural ease are more enhanced, and recognising this, and the detrimental effect of the present development, a vigilant crusade has commenced against all that is awkward and ungainly, while grace and perfect movement are raised to the level of things that are worthy of attainment. To help our lads in red a grand concert and ball was organised by M. Lipman and J. Pain, who were assisted by an influential committee, to take place at the Holborn Town Hall. The small hall was selected for the concert, and among the twenty-seven turns on the programme were Tom Lloyd, Cliff Ryland, Agnes Hazel, Nat Travers, Ida Hill, Fred Langton, Michael Nolan, Paul Pelham, Harry Martell, Herr Georg Liebling, pianist to the Court of Coburg and Gotha. The piano was lent by Messrs. Brinsmead, and E. Rimmel, Limited, perfumed the progammes. Dancing took place in the large hall, there being a good assembly present. Miss Mershire looked handsome in a lovely pink dress that was profusely bespangled, with a portrait of the hero of Mafeking on her breast, and was the belle of the ball, just in advance of Miss Sylveston, who had on a dress of eau de nil green, with jet trimming and black lace embroideries; a black band was fastened round her waist, and a collar of the same added to the effect. Mrs. Hunt looked regal in a striped satin, some glittering jewels being on the bodice, making the eyes water. The best exponent of the terpsichorean art present was Mrs. Lewin, who danced in a good old-fashioned manner. The hall-keeper, Mr. Gardner, Mr. Hunt, Mr. Sawyer, the energetic director of affairs, and all the committee did their utmost for Tommy, and the hon. secretary, Miss Ray Lipman, worked, if it was possible, the hardest of all.

SPECIAL AT KING'S HALL.—NO one is more respected throughout the length and breadth of the eastern portion of the metropolis than Colonel Cohen, the famous M.C. at King's Hall, and his fame has spread also to the far-off suburbs of Stratford, Highbury, Canonbury, Islington, Maida Vale, Bayswater, Camberwell, Walworth, &c. When his complimentary dance came round the company was really select, the *élite* of the terpsichorean art rallying to his entertainment from everywhere. There were not more than 200 present, but style there was, and if only to witness the manner in which the assembly enjoyed themselves. The Colonel himself seemed everywhere doing his utmost, and all that were present enjoyed themselves thoroughly. To denote the dresses or find the belle was almost an impossibility, and the task was too much for us, as the dresses were beautiful indeed. There were some splendid exponents of the terpsichorean art present, and again our representative did not attempt to do his duty. A lady who ran very close at another resort towards the honour of being the belle of the ball was a fine dancer, and when we felt like having a turn this lady granted us the honour. With our arm encircling her supple and beautiful figure, we thoroughly enjoyed the valse, and not content with one, Miss Ray Da Costa had to satisfy us by granting more than another. The dances with the lady were really enjoyable, and the memory was not sullied by a turn with anyone else. We noticed there were present, among many others, I. Barnett, better known as "Shinner," Ike Franklin, of the Metropolitan Club; Will Goodwin, the East-end favourite; I. Barnett, alias "Moopy"; I. Grizzard, E. Susan, Dave Hyman, and others too numerous to mention. At an early hour the strains of "God Save the Queen" brought the entertainment to a close.

THE NIGHT OF THE SEASON.—The hon. secretary's annual cinderella dance takes place at Bonn's Hotel, Great Prescott Street, on Sunday, April 15. Commences at 7.30; carriages at one. Mr. Grizzard should beat record.

DELMONTE'S DANCING ACADEMY. —Six prizes will be given during a grand floral march under the direction of J. Delmonte. Pupils and their friends are allowed to compete, and dancing commences at 7.30.

BILLIARDS AND MUSIC.—THE respected manager of the Earl of Warwick is recognised as one of the best all-round sportsmen in the district that holds a number of the same, "Mile End," and when he offered three prizes for a billiard handicap at the above hostelry there were fifty persons who entered to compete for the trophies. Old Joe Williams acted as handicapper, and during all the heats gave satisfaction as scoretaker and referee. The tournament was gradually run through, and the final, as detailed in THE MIRROR OF LIFE, was contested by Messrs. Russell (received 80) and Coldwell (owe 25), the former being successful. Mr. Rees, the host, arranged a special entertainment on the evening that was set aside to present the awards of victory. S. Van Kollem, the well-known vocalist, staged the concert, and to mention all the turns that appeared would almost fill this column, but it must be sufficient to state that till the house closed the entertainment was carried on, and even then there was talent galore that was unable to take the stage. Special mention must be made of the song of the evening, a grand patriotic verse by Mr Parkes, and set to music by Maurice Isaacs. This song is dedicated to the C.I.V., and the author gives a percentage to the fund for the benefit of the lads in red. Real good was the verdict at the conclusion, the singer gaining round after round of applause. Tom Moore went great, and had to reappear after singing twice. Ernest Cavilear is a good impersonator of Chirgwin, and sang "My Fiddle is My Sweetheart" in a style that he was encored. The Brothers Ralston were the best turn of the evening, and when these music hall artists had finished the cheers were deafening. Alf Goodwin, Arthur Levine, George Melvern, Fred Hart, Roberts, cornet soloist, &c. Mr. T. Lloyd, of The Fox, presented the prizes to the winners, mingling many witty remarks in a skilful manner. Mr. Rees was complimented on what was a good evening's sport, and the singing of the National Anthem brought an enjoyable evening to a close. The chair was occupied by Mr. Lloyd, with Mr. Seigenberg in the vice.

THE LIGHT-WEIGHT WRESTLING Championship.—There was a good crowd in the spacious hall when the men came together, and the betting was even, Mellor being the most fancied. J. Hardy, of Ashton, was the referee. The tussle was vigorous from the outset, Mellor forcing the work and quickly getting behind, only to find that Moores was more than his equal, and did a flash of terrific business, lifting the younger man and dashing him about in the highest workmanlike style. All the possible holds were used, but Mellor's youth stood him in good stead, and he was full of resistance. He got out of difficulties time after time. After eighteen minutes Mellor began to force his man, and they were hot at it, the Stalybridge man holding the advantage behind, and nearly getting a throw. It was severe work, and in the struggle Moores' wrist gave way, and Mellor, having had a gruelling, agreed to take £10 to call the match a draw after twenty-two minutes' wrestling.

A GREAT WALKING MATCH twenty-five miles, for £15 sweepstake will take place at the Hare and Hounds Grounds, Lea Bridge Road, on Saturday, April 14, at two o'clock between the following professionals:—W. Gill, champion of Essex, scratch; J. Bartleet, Hoxton, 6min, J. Manning, Clapton, 10min, start.

DARTS.—THE LAMB, NEW ROAD. As each week goes by so the attendance increases at the above. Ben Wilton caters well for his sporting friends, hence the support he receives during the period of these tournaments. It is satisfactory to record that there has not been one single dispute throughout, this speaks for itself. The following qualified for the second round on Saturday last: Messrs. Read, Gardner, Snooks, Fuller, Spot, Ward, Bob Greenfield, Bill Franklyn, Wernham, Markham, Joe Higgins, Dick Abbott, Jermery and Oates. The final was between Franklyn and Bob, ending in a win for the first-named. All the heats were played in very quick time. There will be a big tournament on Good Friday, noon and evening, and the usual one on Saturday.

WE VISITED MR. REES IN HIS new home, the John Bull, Roman Road, Old Ford, and, having a chance of showing his abilities, he is sure to make John Bull a success. A warm welcome awaits everyone from Will and his lady, and to visit it once will compel one to make many returns. Prosperity is certain under the direction of one of the best.

AMONG THE HARDEST WORKERS at the ball held at Delmonte's Academy, as detailed in last week's issue, we forgot to mention the "pres." (Jack Rosenbaum), the vice (A. Shillberg), C. Gold, and George Perry, who helped to make the night a success.

WILLIAM JOHN MOWATT, H.M.S. Adelaide, Chatham, late of Canning Town, would like to box Simon Stokes, of Forntree, the best of ten rounds if any promoter will give a purse worth training for.

THE ALHAMBRA WAR PICTURES and the patriotic display "Soldiers of the Queen" are drawing large crowds.

THE TIVOLI AUDIENCES LAUGH more over the turn contributed by the Poluskis than any other during the evening.

J. H. GLYNDES IS APPEARING AT the Paragon in a sketch entitled "The Flower Girl."

PAT RAFFERTY, MISS MARIE Loftus, Miss Julie Mackey, and the Kimberley Boys are some first-rate turns at the Metropolitan.

EDWARD TERRY PROPOSES TO revive the comedy entitled "The Passport" at his theatre on Saturday evening next, to be followed by the trial scene from Pickwick, in which he will also appear.

"REVENGE," THE POWERFUL sketch by F. Gerald and Co., and the laughter-making sketch, "The Bookie," by Joe Elvin and Co., are both favourite items in a big programme at the Canterbury.

THE PROGRAMME AT THE LONDON numbers a good turn in the shape of the stately Miss Alexandra Dagmar. Some first-class war pictures are being shown. There will be a morning performance on Easter Monday and entire change of programme.

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE DREW large audiences last week at both houses, when Dan Leno topped a big bill. A most attractive programme has been arranged for this week, comprising that charming actress Miss Letty Lind, from Daly's Theatre; Ritchie, the one and only tramp cyclist, who made such a big hit at the Palace Theatre; Spry and Monte, in a laughable sketch; some excellent war pictures; and other first-rate terms.

"A COMFORTABLE COUPLE" IS the title of a very laughable sketch played by Johnny Hanson and Co. at the Queen's, Poplar; the dancing Glenroy Troupe; Miss Katie Power, a clever male impersonator; Joe Archer, who has plenty to say for himself; the Sisters Desmond; and many others are here this week. Mr. Fred Harris has an enormous programme up his sleeve for Easter.

THE OXFORD MAY ALWAYS BE relied on to furnish a capital entertainment, and last Saturday afternoon I found the programme quite up to the usual mark, and an enthusiastic audience enjoying the good things. At Easter Dan Leno, Chirgwin, Bransby Williams, Miss Lil Hawthorne, Joe Archer, Sisters Levy, Bernard Armstrong, Arthur Reece, Miss Jessie Lindsay, Harry Freeman, Sisters Sprightly, G. W. Hunter, Fred Walton and Co., Miss Lily English, Florence and Lilian, Leo Stormont, The Glenroy Troupe, Miss Lillian Lowe, The Harvey Boys, The Glinserettis, Herbert La Martine, Goggin and Davis, and Miss Bessie Wentworth are appearing.

MR. FRANK GLENISTER HAS engaged the following powerful company to appear at the London Pavilion at Easter:—The one and only Dan Leno, George Robey, Miss Vesta Victoria, Brothers Griffiths, Harry Randall, Mark Melford and Co., Miss Ida René, Wilkie Bard, Miss Rosa Glenn, The Zanettos, Slade Murray, Bernard Armstrong, Miss Marie Wilton, The Missouris, Chirgwin, Miss Bessie Wentworth, Gotham Quartette, Pat Rafferty, Griffin and Dubois, Miss Lily Lena, Harry Tate, Miss Jessie Lindsay, Brothers Artois (bar performers), George Leyton, Chester Sisters, Miss Marie Terry, and Tiny Arnold. This is a programme that will no doubt prove very strong in its drawing powers.

MRS. PATRICK CAMPBELL AS Magda at the Royalty Theatre is drawing crowds; her performance is a sustained and exquisite one, and at one or two points displays electrical passion. She has mental gifts that enable her to enter into the fullest comprehension of the character she assumes. James Fernandez once more shows himself the thoroughly competent actor he is, and Berte Thomas and Frank Mills acquit themselves admirably, in fact the whole of the company catch the spirit of the play, which is interesting to a degree, though it does leave us in doubt as to what happens after the curtain has dropped on the final act.

DAVE.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during April:—

APRIL 12.—At the Glengall Gymnasium: Jack Regan v. F. Roberts, ten rounds.

APRIL 12.—Harry Wright's Grand Special Night at Wonderland: Fred McKenzie v. Peter Brown, ten rounds; Arthur Lamb v. "Kid" McCoy, eight rounds; also four six rounds contests.

APRIL 12.—Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle; Jabez White (Birmingham) v. Will Curley (Newcastle) twenty rounds for £200 a-side, and £356 given by Mr. Michael Hails.

APRIL 13.—Open Air Competitions at Old Bow Grounds.

APRIL 13.—At the Old Bow Running Grounds: Tom Connor's 8st 6lb Novices' Open-Air Competition.

APRIL 16.—"Jolly Jumbo's" Tournament, Wonderland, Whitechapel.

APRIL 16.—At the Gymnastic Club, Manchester: Dave Wallace v. H. Tongue, twenty rounds; Johnny Hughes, v. Pennington, fifteen rounds.

APRIL 16 and 17.—Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle Championship of England, 7st 6lb Competition for £110 and massive silver belt.

APRIL 17.—A. Callan v. A. J. Francis, twenty rounds; F. Mosedale v. Clay, of Birmingham.

APRIL 23.—At the National Sporting Club, London: Jack Goldswain v. Bill Wood, fifteen rounds; and other boxing.

APRIL 24.—Continuation of the Cup Competition at the Eastleigh Boxing and Athletic Club.

APRIL 30.—At the National Sporting Club, London: Bill Lampshire v. Charlie Simpson, fifteen rounds; 11st 4lb novices' competition; and other boxing.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

MANSFIELD AND FIELDER: A DRAW.

FOR AN OFF NIGHT THE ATTENdance at the club was fair considering the large number of members who are down South with the troops, and others elsewhere for the benefit of their health, and have not yet returned to cold and cheerless London. But those who were present on Monday enjoyed a fair night's sport, each bout being well contested, and as it often happens, although the principals engaged were not of the first-class order, being evenly matched, the programme from start to finish was full of excitement. Jack Walker and Dan Herring opened the ball; this lasted just a few seconds inside the second round, when Herring went down, and the trial was finished. Young Jock, of Lambeth, was opposed to Jem Kenrick, of Hackney. The first named stuck gamely to his task, and received the award. Peter Brown and Ted Knight were next announced for a six rounds contest, but Brown, stronger than his rival, upset the latter six times in the second round. The third round was the last. Brown sent his man down, and the referee stopped the contest in his favour. Bill Stonelake was too strong and resolute for Bill Hullett, and the latter lost, Stonelake winning a bit easy after forcing the game all through. Ted Daley proved stronger than Arthur Abbott, and in the third round sent his opponent through the ropes, where he fell, and was counted out. After the usual interval the contest of the evening was heralded by the entrance of Mansfield, accompanied by "Ginger" Osborne, George Johnson, and "Barney" Sheppard. His opponent, Bill Fielder, had Bill Higgins, Dan Groggin, and Jack Waller went to their respective corners. After the introduction the lads stood up, the affair went the full fifteen rounds, at the close of which the referee decided it a draw. The officials were Mr. J. H. Douglas, referee, Mr. Tom Scott, timekeeper, and Mr. A. F. Bettinson M.C. The two Arthurs, Westley and Gutteridge, seconded the boxers in the minor events. Details:—

FIFTEEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

A DRAW.

HARRY MANSFIELD v. BILL FIELDER.

(Bristol) (Walworth).

Mansfield taller. Fielder made play but was short; they clinched, Fielder quicker, rushed in, getting home left and right and very quick and light on his feet. Leaving their seats for the second time Mansfield drove his man to the ropes, Fielder on the ribs hard, but missed with the right; after missing his man, Fielder slipped to his hands. The third meeting, after a lot of feinting the pair got in holds and fibbed; they broke away and were busy with both hands, an uneventful round. Up for the fourth time the exchanges became a bit busy, Mansfield driving the left on his opponent's ribs, but Fielder's swings missed. Mansfield rushed, and was cautioned for holding as the pair hit in the clinch. Anybody's battle all through the fifth go. Coming up for the sixth time Mansfield threatened, but Fielder waited, Mansfield having a trifle the best of the business. The seventh round opened with Fielder going in. Then Mansfield landed on the ribs. Fielder went for the body, and Mansfield shot a straight one on the dial. Mansfield's round. The eighth round started with Mansfield digging his left in the ribs, but Fielder, waiting, nearly effected a coup with the right, but slowed down after allowing Mansfield to score. The ninth go Mansfield had the best of the exchanges, both boxing at long range. Mansfield led with the left in the tenth round, and Fielder seemed tired. The eleventh meeting both feinted, and Fielder tried the right. At the next attempt both landed on the jaw; a busy round. Fielder most tired of the two as they faced each other for the twelfth time, but he rushed in a clinch, and he was let down lightly to the boards. Fielder retreated, and the round ended quietly. The thirteenth meeting Fielder rushed in, landed on the ribs. Fielder managed to land the right, but Mansfield took no notice; a hard-hitting round. The fourteenth round opened with Fielder rushing in and shaking Mansfield with a hard left on the jaw, but the latter retaliated, and Fielder made use of the ring, ducking several swings rather cleverly. Up for the last time Fielder tried all the tricks at which he is an adept, the pivot hit and head and elbow, but Mansfield steadied him with a straight left, and although both tried for the knock-out it never came off, and the referee at the close made it a draw, much to the surprise of Mansfield and party, who thought they had well won.

GLENGALL GYM.—LAST MONDAY a special entertainment was staged at the above-named resort by Harry Williams and Ted Hollier. The last-named is a teacher of the art of self-defence, and has made his mark as a promoter of boxing. Williams, of Hatcham, has had a successful career in the ring, winning seventy out of seventy-four contests and competitions. Two sportsmen presented them with a watch and chain for an 8st competition, and the winner fought hard and deserved the prize. Among those present we noticed Dick Manning and a party of friends. Manning really loves the sport and wherever there is boxing he is to be found, and he holds the record of witnessing 333 fights this season, as well as holding the record of last year. Among those with him we noticed R. J. Robson, of Stoke Newington, and W. V. Draw, of Ilford. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Cooper and Young Chip.—A very hard-hitting bout ensued, every inch being fiercely fought out, and gradually Chip drew away and won on points, getting the decision. Exhibition between Harry Williams and a pupil gained plenty of applause. Ten Rounds Contest, for £10 a-side and a £20 purse: Angus Griffo beat Alf Fielder.—Griffo looked as fit as the proverbial fiddle, and, setting the pace, took the lead during the first two, though his opponent was not idle. The succeeding rounds were more even, the exchanges being very hard; but Griffo was still in front when they stood up for the sixth round. That the pace told a tale was seen by both working slow, and very often they sparred a considerable time for an opening, both being very cautious. Right up till the last the bout was well contested, and the award went to Griffo. 8st Competition (two rounds of three minutes and one of four): Dick Barrett beat Bill Francis.—A fierce battle all the way, both fighting to a standstill in every round, and after the judges disagreed the fiat went to Barrett. Walter Waller beat Sam Taylor.—Waller had all the best of a punishing bout, and won easily. Final (six rounds of two minutes): Waller beat Barrett.—With a right swing Waller sent his opponent down in the opening round, and when time was called held the advantage. At the second meeting Waller put Barrett to sleep.

WILL THE FOLLOWING MEN SEND their addresses to Felix Scott, 85, Lawrence Hill, Bristol, they will hear of something to their advantage: Sid Stokes, of Ferndale, Courtney, and Hayes.

JOE WALCOTT DEFEATS ANDY WALSH.

(Special Report.)

NEW YORK, MARCH 31.—ANDY Walsh, the Brooklyn middle-weight, furnished a big surprise at the Broadway A.C. last night by staying through a twenty-round glove contest with Joe Walcott, the "Giant-Killer," who recently settled Joe Choynski, the California heavy-weight, in seven rounds. Walsh was substituted for "Mysterious" Billy Smith, the welter-weight champion, who threw up the match early last week because of illness. The crowd, which numbered about 3,000 persons, fully expected to see Walsh punched out of time in quick order, and much money was lost on the result in view of the fact that the bulk of the betting hinged on ten and twelve rounds. Walsh put up a cool defence, fought his man with careful judgment and also took many hard blows with surprising ruggedness. Walsh never had a chance to win because he couldn't hit hard enough to hurt the powerful coloured man, but he received much credit for his unexpected showing. Walcott's forcing won the verdict, but the coloured man was without the sight of his right eye, and his lips were puffed and bleeding. Walsh's only mark on the face was a swelling on the left cheekbone, but he was badly pounded on the body. The preliminary bout between Billy Needham, of St. Paul, and Young Walcott, a brother of Joe, twelve rounds at 130lb, was won by Walcott. A large portion of the crowd hooted the verdict. Before Walcott and Walsh came on the betting was 2 to 1 on Walcott. Several bets at even that Walsh would not stay ten rounds were made. The match as originally made was for twenty-five rounds, but late yesterday afternoon five of them were dropped in order to suit Walsh better. Charley White was referee. Walcott opened with a wild right swing. They clinched and pounded each other's kidneys. This occurred three times in the first round, Walsh doing the most effective work. Walcott did the forcing after that and swung on Walsh's body. Walsh planted a left on the ear and a right plumb on the stomach in the third. Walcott missed two right swings for the head and a vicious uppercut in the fourth. Walsh played the drum on his opponent's ribs in the fifth, but in the sixth Walcott took a brace and landed four stiff ones on the stomach and side. A down cut with the right on Walsh's ear and some face and body work tired Walsh in the seventh. Walsh got in one right jab and Walcott was bleeding from the mouth in the eighth. Walsh's left jabs on the right eye half closed the coloured man's optic. Walcott staggered his man in the ninth with a vicious left swing on the jaw. Walsh landed a left on the head and Walcott a right on the body. Walsh went down and got up to take more cracks in the stomach and head. Walsh was there at the end of the tenth, after having had the better of it, with four right swings on Walcott's left ear. Walcott hit in a clinch in the eleventh. Walsh cut the negro again on the left ear, while Walcott swung on the ribs. Walcott did the leading in the twelfth, and plunked the white man half a dozen times on the stomach and side. Walsh clinched in the thirteenth, and thumped Walcott's lower body with right and left again. Walcott pushed Walsh down in the sixteenth and fell on him. It was a most exciting round. Walcott did the leading and there were half-a-dozen clinches. The coloured man had only one eye, but he was in on Andy's body over a dozen times. In return Walsh jabbed him four times in the face and swung a right on the ear. Walcott never let up in his onslaught to the end, Walsh going the full twenty rounds. Owing to his forcing work Walcott got the decision of the two judges.

THE EASTLEIGH BOXING AND Athletic Club.—A meeting was held at this club on Tuesday last for the purpose of arranging the dates for the fixtures in the Croydon Cup Competition, the first round for which was ultimately arranged to take place on Tuesday, April 24, the selected representatives for same being F. Pennell, of Eastleigh, and W. Gooderson, of Croydon, which should prove a good match, as Gooderson, I am told, is a very good man, standing 5ft 7in and weighing 10st, while Pennell stands 5ft 9½in and weighs 9st 12lb. Gooderson is a smart and tricky fellow, but at the same time Pennell is ditto, and I certainly think that if Pennell fights as well as he did in the Shield competitions he will emerge again with success. After this meeting a splendid gymnasium display was given by Pennell and Groves, they doing some very tricky work, which was thoroughly enjoyed by all present. Then came a nine rounds contest between W. Groves and A. Lawfield, and after a good and smartly fought contest Lawfield emerged victor in the fifth round. Lawfield will probably represent Eastleigh in the second round for the Croydon Cup.

FRANK EXALL WOULD LIKE TO box Young Johnson at 6st 12lb, give or take 2lb, twenty rounds for Tot Landreth's purse, win or lose with Pincombe.

TOM SHARKEY KNOCKS OUT "STOCKINGS" CONROY.

(Special Report.)

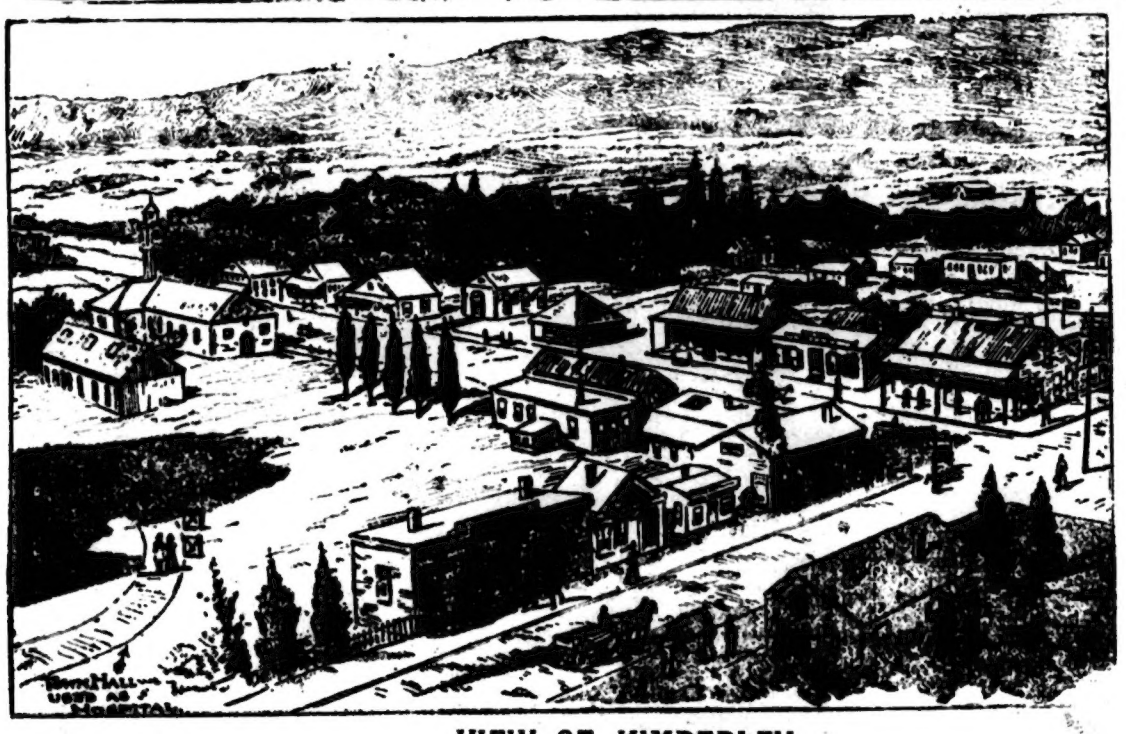
BALTIMORE, MARCH 29.—BEFORE a crowd of over two thousand persons at Music Hall to-night, under the auspices of Al Herford's club, Tom Sharkey disposed of "Stockings" Conroy, of Troy, N.Y., in two rounds and a half. The bout was scheduled to go twenty rounds. Conroy was outclassed from start to finish, and proved a chopping block for the Irishman. Tom took the aggressive from the sound of the gong. Several times his right and left found the Troy man's body. The latter was willing, and furnished several interesting mix-ups. He kept close to the sailor, who fought to shake him off. The second was a repetition of the first round. Conroy after being twice jabbed sent a hard right to Tom's body, which the Irishman repaid with a hard right to the jaw. Sharkey continued to bore in, forcing Stockings around the ring until the gong sounded. The third found Sharkey very active. He opened with right and left swings, beating the Troy man down. The blow that ended matters was a short left half-arm blow to the jaw. It shook Conroy from stem to stern, and he fell to his knees to be counted out.

THE MIDDLE-WEIGHT CHAMPIONship of S. Africa and a purse of £150.—Tom Duggan v. Jack Lalor.—Both men were well supported, Duggan being favourite when they stepped into the ring. He will be remembered best at home through being beaten by the "Coffee Cooler" in thirteen rounds. A marked disparity in weight and appearance was at once discernible, Lalor, though possessing attributes of height and reach, looked fine in comparison with his opponent, who, if shorter, is of sturdy muscular build, and possessing 13lb advantage in weight, drawing the beam at 11st 4lb, while Lalor scaled 10st 5lb. The fight lasted the twenty rounds, Duggan's terrific hitting powers being checkmated by the clever head and feetwork of Lalor, whose style somewhat reminds one of that consummate artist Dick Burge. The principal features of the fight culminated in the seventh and seventeenth rounds, in the former of which Lalor got home a heavy right-handed swing, missing the "point," but landing on the cheek bone, and in the latter Duggan bringing Lalor to the boards with a left-handed body punch, repeating the performance with a right-handed punch, when the gong came to his assistance. The two last rounds saw both going for all they were worth, Duggan's determined attempts for the knock-out being frustrated by the extreme cleverness of the ex-soldier, whose hitting powers lacked the "vim" of his opponent, the difference in weight telling its inevitable tale. Duggan, who did most of the leading off, received the verdict, the result of which was received with unanimous acclamation. The fairness displayed by the combatants could not be excelled, and the club bids fair (for general excellence of management) to tread in the footsteps of its big brother, the N.S.C., in the little village 6,000 miles away.

GLOVE CONTEST IN NATAL.—Jimmie Darrell, of Johannesburg, badly beaten by Jack Hare, of Plaistow, England.—Recently, before 2,000 spectators, Jack Hare again demonstrated his superiority over Jimmie Darrell, the crack-Johannesburger. The contest was a disappointment, as everyone expected it would go all the way, as on the last occasion these lads met they went the whole twenty rounds. Hare has improved rapidly of late, and would give some of the 8st brigade a lot of trouble. The lads weighed in at 3 p.m. Darrell scaled 8st, Hare 7st 13lb, both looked very fit, more especially the Londoner. Betting was slightly in favour of Hare, but there were not many takers. The scene of the contest was the Oddfellows' Hall, Umgeni, near Durban. The contest: Round 1. Hare was seconded by Harry McIsaics, his trainer, and Jem Slough, Darrell was handled by his brother Edward and Abe Willis of Australia. Darrell rushed and landed left and right on the body. Hare ran away. Round 2. Darrel rushed. Hare stepped aside. Darrell fell but was quickly up. Round 3. Hare tried a belly punch, which brought Darrell down. Up again, both started hurricane fashion. A grand fight. Round 4. A succession of rallies; great excitement. Round 5. Give and take order. Hare the better boxer. Round 6. Hare set about Darrell, and the Johannesburger fell six times, and the referee, seeing his chance hopeless, awarded the decision to the Londoner amidst great applause. Remarks: The contest was one of the best while it lasted. Hare has come on, and with a little care will make a good lad. Mr. Holbrook held the watch; Chas. Verwerk, referee.

C. MURRAY WOULD BE PLEASED to receive entries for a 9st 8lb competition for a watch for the winner, and gold centre medal runner up, to take place on Easter Monday night. Prizes can be seen at the bar of the Black Horse, Kingsland Road. Entries to be sent to C. Murray, 24, Ivy Lane, Hoxton.

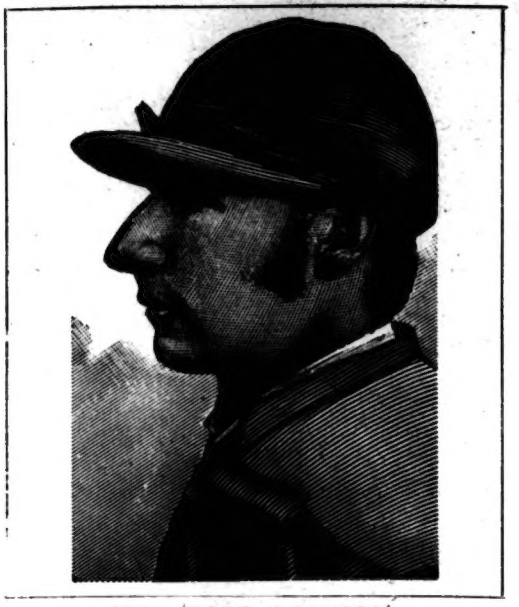
Continued on page 10.)



VIEW OF KIMBERLEY,
Which Withstood the Siege Against the Boers for Months.

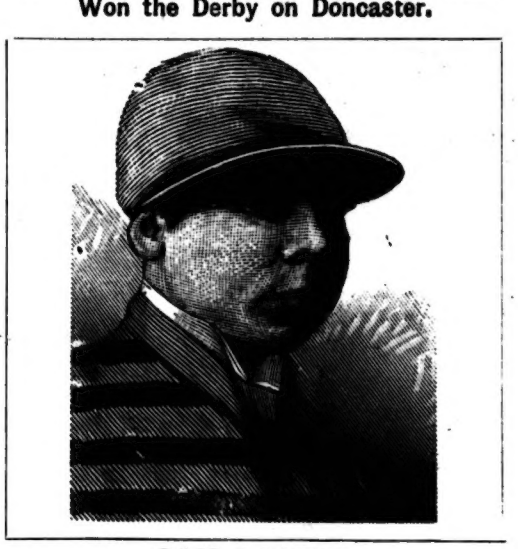
SCOUTS, DISMOUNTED, DEFENDING THEMSELVES BEHIND THEIR HORSES.
Animals Trained to Lie Down While Under Fire.

CAPTURE OF A DESPATCH RIDER BY THE BOERS.
Threatened with Death Unless he Gave Up his Papers.



MR. TOM CANNON,
Wno at One Time was Considered the Cleverest Handler of Two-Year-Olds, and has Successfully Ridden in all the Classic Events.

MR. F. WEBB,
A Trainer at Exning, Newmarket, who Won the Derby on Doncaster.



SAM LOATES,
A Clever and Successful Jockey, who Headed the Winning List of Last Season with 160 Wins.

JACK WATTS
Was Born at Stockbridge, May 9, 1861. He has Ridden the Winners of the Derby Three Times, the Oaks Four Times, and St. Leger Five Times.

THE BOERS AMBUSH COLONEL BROADWOOD'S CONVOY AND GUNS.

So well were they Hidden that our Leading Scouts Passed Over the Drift without Discovering Them, and it was not until the Waggons and Guns were Entering the Drift that the Boers Showed Themselves and Opened Fire.

THE CHAMPIONSHIPS.

(Special.)

ST. JAMES'S HALL HAS SEEN within its walls performances of every kind, both sacred and secular, but never a greater congregation than that of Friday evening to witness the bouts for the Amateur Championships. It is now some twenty years since the amateur championships had an existence. Owing to the gross partiality exhibited by the powers that be when amateurs contested for the Queensberry Cups at Lillie Bridge, and during that period, owing to the bigotry and intolerance of the rector of St. James's Church, the championships on more than one occasion have had to shift their venue, notably to Her Majesty's, Haymarket, Imperial Theatre, Westminster, and Central Hall, Holborn. They have returned to the old venue at Saint Jemmy's Hall, and as far as spectators are concerned seem likely to flourish there.

It was a sight to see the vast body of the hall filled with enthusiastic spectators, and as we looked to the back of the stage at the closely-packed orchestral stalls we wondered how many that we knew had obtained the advertised guinea, or the open sesame to that coveted enclosure. Boxing enthusiasts came from all parts of the country, some knowing nothing of better things, to be pleased with all they saw, while others who had witnessed the play of old champions looked on at the efforts of these moderns more in sorrow than in anger. Among these latter was Mr. Jack Angle, who declared to us, and we were at unison with him, that there was not one bout of boxing on this memorable evening sufficient to warm the blood or cause the pulse to beat quicker from excitement. In fact, we can say that after witnessing these Championships from their institution, the cheapest lot of Champions who had exhibited their boxing form for the last twenty years made an appearance on the stage at St. James's Hall last Friday evening. What a place must boxing have in the heart of the Britisher. Ramping by professionals, incapability by amateurs, has no effect on the boxing enthusiast. If he has been ramped out of his money by a dud show of professional champions or disgusted with an inferior show among amateurs he still goes on hoping for better things, and the "Love that Lives" was exemplified last Friday afternoon and evening by the vast crowd that filled this fashionable West-end edifice. What a holiday this is to the young gentlemen starred and ribboned on the committee who on this day of days air their importance, and why the long vacation? Just as the public are settling down to enjoy their boxing, to their horror an announcement is made at 6 p.m. (just about two and a half hours from the start) that an adjournment will take place until eight o'clock, while the committee and staff refresh the inner man at the adjacent Criterion Restaurant.

> I love new friends, but give to me
> The dear, dear friends of old

might well be sung on these occasions, for on this one evening of the year are met men that are never seen elsewhere but at these Championships. It is as much their creed to visit these contests as to visit their relatives at Christmastide. Two old links of the past attracted our attention. One in the fistic world who fought more than fifty years ago was the ebony wonder Bob Travers, who some time before the conclusion of the bouts retired disgusted, remarking that when he kept the Sun and Thirteen Cantons in Castle Street, Leicester Square, he would not have allowed any of these so-called champions to have sparred at his show. Another vision of the past was the man who made Deerfoot cry a go. This was no less a personage than little Jack White (read this and wonder, present-day peds.!), who could do twelve miles in the hour any time of asking, and the day he ran Deerfoot had Jack been pushed he might have done a yard or two over the above distance.

Jack Angle is true to his old pals, humble as they may be. First, there was Jem Goode, telling us that he was mending fast (Good old Jem, with a heart stronger than the flesh we hope you may!). There was Jem Handley, who once upon a time fought "Coddy" Meddings, who puts up the ring on the stage, and whose ring is one of the best ever pitched. There was "Coddy" Meddings, once on a time Jack Angle's sparring pard; and last, but not least, there was Abe Atterbury, who first at the City Gymnasium gave boxing lessons to Jack Angle.

On Friday evening there was not one natural fighter (as we understand a natural fighter) among the crowd; they were all artificial, adopting the style of an instructor who perhaps had a deal to learn himself. Our most capable boxers and fighters never had a lesson; they took to the game as ducks take to water. They put up their daddles in their infancy, and kept them up when provoked until they were eventually *boxed* by the man to whom the world's champions have to knock under, the undertaker. To those who had seen the artist step well in and without an effort bring an opponent down as if by magic, the windmill hitting of these candidates for Championships was distressing. As the Irish Catholic servant told the Protestant Bishop that he would be saved through his "unconsaiveable" ignorance, so this same "unconsaiveable" ignorance sent many boxers to strut their little hour before a public who came to be pleased with the least of little efforts. As the Needy Knife-Grinder remarked, "Story, sir, I have none to tell." So with our story of these Championships. Where mediocrity took premier place it is hardly worth telling. In the Bantam Championships the winner, J. Freeman, was the smallest lad in the competition; the limit of the bantams is 8st 4lb. Yet this youth secures the Amateur Championship weighing 1st 1lb less than the limit weight. Freeman seemed to hit very much in excess of his weight, for when meeting a mulatto named Bowden, whom most persons mistook for Angus Griffo, one punch on the "darbey" settled his pretensions. The feather-weight resolved itself into a match between R. Lee, Stanhope B.C., and H. Williams, Columbia B.C. (Lee, we believe, is brother-in-law of Harry Webster, the teacher of the Stanhope B.C.), R. Lee eventually winning. In the light-weights it was an open secret that this championship lay between Bert Brewer, of the Poly. B.C. (last year's holder) and H. Jacobs, of the 17th Middlesex B.C. On what sort of reasoning the judges or referee could have found for Brewer we know not, but the verdict went to Brewer, to the dissatisfaction of the assembled multitude. Brewer, however, had received such a severe towelling from Jacobs that he in the end fell an easy prey to Humphries (Lynn A.C.), one of the least fancied of the competitors for championship honours. As Jacobs defeated Humphries last year the decision above quoted lost him, we think, the cup. In the middle-weights, Professor Newton's pride, Rippington, had been defeated by Freeman, the eventual winner in the bantams. So the professor's hopes rested on his second string, T. W. Smith, of the Barnsbury B.C., who when he defeated Warnes, the victor last year over Teddy Mann, gave the professor some hope of securing the cup for the Barnsbury B.C. Try, try, try again has been the motto of Teddy Mann, of the Lynn B.C., for these championships, and Teddy is an exemplification of the proverb, "That everything comes to the man who knows how to wait." Mann beat the much fancied candidate Lynch, of the Stanhope B.C., and afterwards causing the downfall of Newton's second string, T. W. Smith, won the much coveted championship. For the heavy-weight championship Dees, of the Goldsmiths' Institute, Jeyes, of the Northampton B.C., and Parkes, Poly. B.C., last year's holder, contended. Dees defeated Parkes after a ding-dong slugging encounter, and Dees received a very unsatisfactory verdict in his encounter with Jeyes, of Northampton, who most certainly should have taken the cup home to the shoemaking borough. Arthur Gutteridge hoped to take both Parkes and Brewer back to the Derby Arms, East Sheen (their training quarters), to exhibit the cups won in honourable boxing encounters, but like many other things in this life Arthur was doomed to disappointment, and so was the landlord, Sam Brown, who had invited his friends to drink out of them.

Practically speaking the boxing was poor in the extreme, and between some of the contestants it looked as if Mr. Arrangement was in evidence. The lightest of the competitors must be classed as the best and cleverest boxer of the evening, and, giving a lot of weight away in each bout, he won handsomely at the conclusion. This lad, J. Freeman, Lynn A.C., stepped on the scale and registered 7st 2lb, and with proper training could undoubtedly box at about 6st 10lb, so it was a grand performance to give weight away to everybody and carry off the trophy with his fellow clubmate, Mann. The feather-weights were a poor lot, and though the ultimate winner, Lee, is a good, game lad, he is woefully lacking in the principal portion of the business—viz., getting one for nothing; but strength was all on his side, and he won right out, meeting Williams, of the Columbia, in the final. It will be remembered that when three were left in the Columbia competition we gave Lee to win, and an illustrated contemporary, who had no representative present, gave the other two. Between us we found the winner, as Lee won easily. Williams, we believe, on the same evening made his bow to the public, winning the 7st 12lb novices', and we ventured to state that if he improved the Blue Riband would be his. He has thickened out and put on weight, but experience told its tale in the final, and Lee was a lot in front, when suffering from an injured arm, Williams retired. The light-weights were not up to the usual standard, but each one tried to carry off the massive silver cup, and at the end Humphries beat last year's winner. In the second series the finest bout of the night was seen, every inch being well contested, and we thought Jacobs had just won, when the judges disagreed, and Referee Goodwin returned Brewer the winner. That the pace of this bout told its tale was seen in the final, as Brewer went down before Humphries who had a bye in the previous series. Again, the middle-weights were not up to the mark, as none could have extended such previous winners as Curnick, Hair, Sykes, Joe Steers, or even Horace King, who ran up to Steers. Mann was always a good favourite, and justifying it won easily. The heavies only produced three competitors, and in the final Dees beat Jeyes, but the decision was not favourably approved by the audience. Bantam Weight (8st 4lb and under)—First Series: Ernest Moody (Gothic G. and B.S.) beat H. Cooper (Stanhope B.C.).—Moody won after an appeal to the referee. J. Freeman (Lynn B.C.) beat T. Rippington (Barnsbury B.C.).—Freeman won easily. E. Bowden (Bradlaugh A.C.) beat W. Adrian (Northampton and County A.A.C.).—Bowden just did enough to gain the award. Second Series: Freeman beat Bowden.—A good bout and the result satisfactory, Bowden giving in. Moody a bye. Final: Freeman beat Moody.—The lighter man forced the work and had well won when he gained the decision. The boys were happy and "See the Conquering Hero Comes" resounded through the building. Feather-Weight (9st and under): H. Williams (Columbia B.C.) beat R. Stowers (Bridgwater B.C.).—The first named started well, and, though Stowers was the stronger at the close, won easily. R. Lee (Stanhope B.C.) beat W. Penney (Stanhope B.C.).—An exhibition bout between two club mates, and Lee easily first. A. E. Hanks (17th Middlesex R.V. School of Arms) a bye. Semi-Final: Lee beat Hanks.—Lee the stronger, as well as the better boxer, and won easily. Williams a bye. Final: Lee beat Williams.—The last named had injured his arm, but contested every inch during the first two rounds, and then, finding he had no chance, retired. Light-weight (10st and under): G. W. Humphries (Battersea F.C. and Lynn A.C.) beat P. Burns (Poly. Gymnastic Society).—The first-named the better man, and Burns retired. H. Brewer (Poly. B.C.) beat H. Fergus (Edinburgh H.). It was hard luck for the Scotchman to meet last year's winner, but he went the full distance, and the decision was Brewer. H. Jacobs (17th Middlesex School of Arms) beat J. Scott (Bradlaugh A.A.C.).—Scott had the best of the initial round, and Jacobs then woke up and hit very hard when his opponent retired. Semi-finals: Brewer beat Jacobs.—Brewer had the best of the opening round, but after opening a wound over Brewer's eye Jacobs scored well, and it was a victory for either when the referee's verdict went to Brewer. Humphries a bye. Final: Humphries beat Brewer.—The previous bout told its tale on Brewer, and his opponent had a little the best of it and won. Middle-weights (11st 4lb and under): T. W. Smith (Barnsbury B.C.) beat R. C. Warnes (Lynn B.C.)—During the first round Smith was receiver general, but A. J. Newton's pupil livened up considerably during the succeeding rounds, and an extra round was ordered. This was a hugging set-to, and a victory for either, when it went to Smith. H. J. Lynch (Sydney B.C.) beat A. Penfold (Stanhope B.C.).—The first named kept using both hands and won easily. Second Bouts: E. Mann (Lynn B.C.) beat Lynch.—Mann had received the bye in the previous series, and took the lead, and at the end of the last round sent Lynch down in his own corner and won comfortably. Smith a bye. Final: Mann beat Smith.—A fight; and towards the finish Smith showed his instructor's tuition of how to avoid the knock-out, and though staggering all over the ring kept on going till the bout was stopped. Heavy-weight "any weight." W. Dees (Goldsmiths' Institute) beat T. Parkes (Poly. B.C.).—A slogging set-to, but fighting all the way, and at the end it was a victory for Dees. W. Jeyes (Northampton and County A.A.C.), a bye. Dees beat Jeyes.—Jeyes had the best of the commencement, and his rival gradually pulled up, and at the end of the bout Jeyes had none the worst of the battle, but the verdict was Dees.

None of the amateurs who exhibited last Friday could compare with the competitors of bygone days, and what could the following do in their respective weights with this year's competitors: J. J. Rowe, F. Golbold, C. T. Lamb, P. A. Jones, 1894-5-6; R. K. Gunn, 1894-5-6; Nat Smith, P. A. Lunn, Anthony Diamond, 1883-4-5, Dettmer, Randall, Vanderhout, R. Hair, J. Steers, 1890-1-2-3; Alf Bowman, or Horace King. It was the worst year's competitions that we wot of, and there were no contestants, as in former years, from Leicester, Leeds, Newcastle, Birmingham, Bristol, Cardiff, Canada, or old Ireland. The assembly was very orderly, and not many remarks were made by the gallery "yobs," the chief being "Who's scratched, who's scratched?"

Officials:—President: George H. Vize, Esq. Hon. Treasurer: B. J. Angle, Esq. Judges: A. F. Bettinson, V. Barker, H. T. Blackstaffe, H. Cousins, J. Cohen, E. Dettmer, E. Doland, W. Dart, F. G. Edmunds, T. Goodwin, G. J. Garland, J. Hoare, P. A. Jones, W. G. Ross, W. Sykes, G. Sykes, J. E. Taylor, W. G. Worthington, and J. Young. Timekeepers: Jack White and H. Perry. M.C.'s: G. H. Vize, G. J. Garland, and R. J. Bush. Clerk of Scales: J. Cohen, J. H. Douglas, and G. J. Garland. Hon. Secretary: Edgar Walker.

"SPIKE" SEARLE WILL MEET ANY midget in the world at 4st 6lb or 5st, Young Spooner, of Lambeth, preferred, for a tenner a-side.

JEFFRIES v. SHARKEY, AS GIVEN IN THE ANIMATED PICTURES AT THE AQUARIUM.

(Special.)

WE ARE NOT GOING TO DWELL long over the twice-told tale; but when we beheld the presentment of the Esau-like form of Jem Jeffries it reminded us of another worker in iron who filled out one of the incidents in the life of Jem Mace. Mace once upon a time owned a circus, and, being in Dublin, he took several of his horses to the farrier's yard of a well-known sporting veterinary surgeon to be shod. When the task was completed Mace asked what he was in the vet.'s debt. "I will make you a present of that and give you a ten-pound note if you do as I request, and give a fellow I have in my employ who terrorises over the rest of the men a good hiding." Dan Murphy was the terror's name, and when told by his guvnor that he had a little man who would give him a sound drubbing for his many acts of transgression, Dan roared like a bull, immediately stripped to the buff, and demanded to see the man in the wide world who could do it. Dan Murphy, with a chest covered with black hair as thick as a doormat, weighing about fifteen stone, was the presentment of Jem Jeffries as we saw him last Wednesday in the animated pictures. Mace was then at his very best, but it is too long to narrate here how Jem whopped the farrier, but not easily, and received besides the brass the thanks of the Yard. We are not in love with Jem Mace or any of the pugilistic fraternity of old, but as we gazed at this fight we thought what mincemeat the man who made such a shambles of the field on which he fought the "Stalybridge Infant" could have made of Tom Sharkey, and what a mess O'Baldwin, Joe Wormald, or some of the other big 'uns would have made of Jem Jeffries. The latter as presented to us, clothed as lightly as a Sheffield handicap runner who can put his wardrobe in his watchpocket, was the biggest and most muscular man we have ever seen within a roped enclosure; but as a scientific contest this twice-told tale as presented to us was an absolute failure. The pair are continually in clinches, the best part of Siler's time being occupied in removing Sharkey's arm from the back of Jeffries' neck. Looking at the disparity in the size of the men the situation is one in which Sharkey fails to realise its seriousness, or he would not have put out his tongue in the early rounds as if in derision at Jem Jeffries' efforts. We think this was a dangerous pastime, for a clever boxer by a swinging uppercut might have prevented a repetition of this idiotic nonsense for ever. Sharkey, to our thinking, violated all the known rules of boxing so much so that before these halcyon days for glove slingers he (Sharkey) would have been considered a good rough, only dangerous on the stones. Jeffries in these animated pictures, had he been taught how to use his legs in stepping backwards or forwards, side stepping to the right or left, might have neutralised many of Tom Sharkey's rushes, which generally ended in a clinch and a separation by the referee. Into whether it is not undignified for a referee in his shirt and trousers and a battered old cawbeen to be continually dodging round and separating two big fighters when a caution from an outer ring chair should have proved sufficient, we don't pretend to enter; but so often and so flagrantly were the Queensberry rules infringed by Sharkey that this battle appeared like an all-in game. One disadvantage about these animated pictures is the shivery-shakiness of the films, which dazzle the eyes and bewilder the brain of those who scrutinise the doings of the men too attentively. No fresh or tricky moves in the way of boxing were attempted, and each round was but a repetition of the first. On a previous occasion the biograph recording the doings of Fitzsimmons and Corbett took place in the Imperial Theatre attached to the Aquarium, on this occasion the display took place in St. Stephen's Hall. We have many and varied recollections of St. Stephen's. It was here that Charley Mitchell (boxing champion) and Jem Smith (pugilistic champion) met in mimic warfare, and it was here that Jem Smith, owing to a little side business on the part of Charley Mitchell, was put on a tenner to knock Charley among the pitites; but Mitchell smelt a rat and Jem Smith nearly made the descent. It was at St. Stephen's Hall that Jack Davis, who fought Jem Smith, acting on behalf of the late penciller, Andy Anderson, gave a contest for a diamond belt, when Stanton Abbott made his maiden appearance in a contest with Bill Baxter, the eventual winner; and it is here, we hope, the presentment of the contest between Jem Jeffries and Sharkey may have a run of luck.

BOROUGH OF MARYLEBONE B.C.—Entries required for an 8st 4lb amateur (novice) competition for a handsome prize. Entry 1s, to be made to the sec., W. Pine, of the above, at Whitfield Place, Tottenham Court Road. To take place on April 25.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND SATURDAY NIGHT.

THE PRINCIPAL CONTEST ON Saturday was a six rounds go between Alf Barnard and a soldier (Ted Sullivan, of the 13th Hussars). 10st 4lb Competition: Bert Shaw beat Bill Radley. — Fairly good. Winner smaller and quicker. Jack Goodwin beat Charley Rider in less than a round, knocking him clean out. Joe Read beat Bert Bolton.—A busy three rounds, first one and then the other taking a lead. There was not much science, but plenty of energy thrown into the work. Read returned the winner. "Wag" Cook beat Tom Hackett.—Hackett taller and heavier. A fair slogging match, Hackett repeatedly down and up in a hurry. Company screamed with laughter. Thus ended the first round. Second same as first. Cook hurt his right hand, and did well the left. Third round needed, and again a storming engagement, Cook winning. Final to-morrow (Thursday), also the 9st final. Six Rounds Contest: Harry Fowler beat Angus Griffo.—Round 1. Fowler had the best of the first bout, and used both hands with effect and judgment. Round 2. The dark coloured boxer set himself going, and Fowler met him with many affectionate reminders. Several good rallies on the ropes. Griffo stopped boxing declaring that he had hurt his right hand. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Barnard beat Ted Sullivan.—Round 1.—Sullivan, of the 13th Hussars, led off, and Barnard commenced to score fast. Round 2. As before, Barnard made the pace, and points numerous went to his credit. Round 3. There was no material difference, Barnard's left hand straight on the dial. Round 4. Sullivan often picked Barnard up, but Barnard's left busy to the finish. Round 5. Barnard did most of the leading. Sullivan fought better towards the end of the bout. Round 6. Only a knock-out could save Sullivan from defeat, but as Barnard escaped it he of necessity won. Six Rounds Contest: Albert Lesurf beat Jem Thomas, of South Wales.—Round 1. Lesurf longer in the reach and taller. There was not much to choose and not much to be pleased with. Round 2. The men cautioned and advised to box better and not tap so much. Improvement followed. Round 3. Points pretty equally distributed. Round 4. The Welshman made matters very sultry, and Lesurf had to put his best leg foremost to stave him off. Round 5. Both persevered as best they could, dashing and swinging to the sound of the bell. Round 6. Same tactics in this as the previous bouts, and finally Lesurf won. Ben Harris's benefit announced for Tuesday next at the Oak Club and Gymnasium, Prince's Square, Cable Street. Three Rounds Trial: Jem Wallace v. A. Wiseman (13th Hussars), seconded by Sergeant-Major Twyman. Three Rounds Exhibition: Charley Smith v. Bill Baxter.—These ex-champions gave a splendid exhibition of boxing. Ten Rounds Contest: Nat Keyser beat Jack Jones.—Jones fought Keyser with left and right, and smarter in dodging out of danger. Round 2. Keyser made tracks fast, giving Jones no end of trouble. Keyser's right seemed to be hurt, but he was plucky and persevered, trying the right without effect. Third bout a teaser, Keyser driving Jones out of the ring on to the Press table. Jones saved from serious consequences by falling upon the arm of our representative. Bout 4. Keyser downed Jones. Latter rose and contest stopped, Jones being very weak.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND, THURSday.—Amateur Night.—So much liked and respected is the well-known instructor to the Sydney Boxing Club that when he promoted a special assault-at-arms, permission by the A.B.A. to hold an amateur competition as well as amateur contests was accorded. Sam Jacobs, the well-known penciller, presented Prof. Beeby with a solid silver cup and a keyless lever watch as prizes for a 9st 6lb competition. When a start was made there was a very small assembly of sports present, and though towards the final of the entertainment there was a fair audience, the inclement weather must have kept a considerable number away who wished to accord the professor a bumper. The judging was in the hands of the A.B.A., with the well-known presenter of the trophies clocking. Joe Anderson, Bill Day, and Albert Dixon saw to the wants of the competitors. 9st 6lb Open Novices' Amateur Competition.—F. McHenry (St. A.B.C.) beat M. Crawley (G.A.C.); C. Melbourne (unattached) beat T. Mellett (M.H.B.C.) Final: McHenry beat Melbourne. Six Rounds Contest: A. Fairbrass (C.B.C.) beat H. Chamberlain (U.B.C.).—Chamberlain for the exchanges, but was well met, and from start to finish both fought for what they were worth, and after a grand bout Fairbrass gained the award. Six Rounds Contest: H. Lamb (Sydney B.C.) beat F. Davis (Sydney B.C.)—A very sharp fight, and after going down four times in the second round the bout stopped and the award given to Lamb. Six Rounds Professional Contest: Joe Cole beat Harry Giles.—A very hard-hitting bout, every round being a fight, and the best bout of the night ended with a verdict for Cole. Exhibitions between W. Jones (Sydney B.C.) and Professor Albert Hollings, Mr. W. Worthington (C. of L.R.C.) and Professor Joe Barrett. George Green (Sydney B.C.) and Professor Frank Beeby wound up.

BOXING AT WONDERLAND.—Monday night the main attraction was the final contest for the champion trophy, for which Jem Williams, of Marylebone, and Patsy Walsh, who hails from Holborn, qualified. The final was an enlargement upon the Queensberry Rules from three rounds to six. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Smith (Hammersmith) beat Fred Smith (Fulham). Ten Rounds Contest: Jem Guinn (Mile End) beat Jack Webb (Bethnal Green). Six Rounds Contest: Jim Shipman (Bethnal Green) beat Harry Berry (Stepney): Six Rounds Contest: Luce Smith v. Nat Keyser, a draw. Six Rounds Contest: Willie Stone (Spitalfields) beat Ted Surguy (Canning Town). Four Rounds Exhibition: Jem Styles (Marylebone) v. Bill Shaw (Stepney). Three Rounds Exhibition: "Pedlar" Palmer v. Mat Palmer.—A clever and scientific display. Six Rounds Contest: Sid Scales (St. Luke's) beat Con Barrett (St. George's). Four Rounds Exhibition: Frank Exall v. Fred Stout. Bantam-weight Belt Competition.—Final (six rounds): Patsy Walsh beat Jem Williams.—Seconds: For Williams, Jem Styles, Joe Anderson, and Patsy Williams; for Walsh, Bill Day, Albert Dixon, and Joe Jacobs. Judges: Jack Scales and I. Marks. Referee: Mr. Sam Jacobs. Round 1. A cautious spar, and Williams led off. Breaking away, Williams stepped in with right and left. Walsh riled, started the fight, and they warmed to their work. It was all out-fighting, and no particular mischief done. Round 2. Williams short, and brisk work culminated. They were often in holds, and both extremely anxious. Williams scored faster in the last half-minute, mainly with the left hand. Round 3. Little time was lost in sparring. Walsh a short lead, and soon made amends with a quick left-hander; again a good punch was in his favour, and a smart rally told to his advantage. Here Walsh managed to equalise matters. Round 4. A scrambling start. In a few seconds the left of each went rapidly to work. First one and then the other took a lead, Walsh very strong, and shook Williams up. Round 5. Walsh a good favourite. He led, and caused a very sharp rally. Smash went each man's left and right. A stirring scene came about, with hard fighting and quick rallies. Round 6. As before, the excitement became intense when the men stood face to face. It was an animating set-to, the men fighting hard and fast, and frequently in holds. Finally Walsh won.

W. PINCOMBE (LONDON) v. W. Johnson (Sheffield). — At the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, on Monday night, W. Pincombe, of London, opposed W. Johnson, of Sheffield, in a match of twenty rounds, with 4oz, at 7st, give or take 2lb, for £25 a-side and a purse of £30. A strong move was made in favour of Johnson, his connections freely laying 11 to 10 on his chance as he entered the ring, and they were so favourably impressed with his form in the first two rounds that they very readily laid 2 to 1 on him. When the lads weighed in at one o'clock in the afternoon Pincombe turned the beam at 7st, whilst Johnson was 1½lb heavier. Besides having the advantage of weight there was a marked difference in stature and reach of the pair, Johnson being quite four inches taller and having a much longer reach. In the first two rounds Johnson forced operations at a lively pace, and repeatedly scoring heavily on the body. He, however, often discounted his greater stature by his crouching tactics, which often neutralised the weight and sting of his blows. Pincombe met the vigorous rushes of his opponent in game, commendable fashion, and excited loud applause by his smart dodging and headwork. Whilst slipping heavy leads, he still had the worst of the exchanges until the third round was well advanced, when he stubbornly disputed issue with hard straight lefts, a weapon that gradually combined to have a steadying effect on the Sheffielder. The fourth and fifth rounds went slightly in favour of Johnson, but the next four bouts witnessed wonderful improvement in favour of the Southerner, who scored fast with incisive left leads on the head. The progress of Pincombe was unquestionable, for he quickly wiped off arrears by his fine straight lefts, and at the close of the thirteenth round he sent his opponent to the boards with a capital left, time just coming to the rescue of the Sheffielder. The end was now soon reached, for Johnson was obviously in great distress when he stood up for the fourteenth and what proved to be the last round. Immediately the lads faced each other Pincombe fought his feeble adversary all over the ring, and effected a coup de grace with a hard left on the head, from the effects of which Johnson was utterly unable to rise within the specified time, and Pincombe gained the award, a most popular one with all sections of the audience.

THE BANTAM CHAMPION OF SCOTland, Bob Gallacher, who fought the late Mike Reilly three times, has assumed the above title, and will defend it against any 7st 2lb lad in Scotland.

G. HARPER WILL BOX McLEAVY, of Manchester, Capstick, of Oldham, "Dido" Vardy, or Tom Snow, of London, for any amount they can find and the best purse offered.

AMATEUR COMPETITIONS AT THE CENTRAL FINSBURY AMATEUR ATHLETIC CLUB.

A GOOD NIGHT'S SPORT.

THIS WELL-KNOWN CLUB IN THE City Road will be best remembered as one of the most famous resorts of the terpsichorean art that there was in this portion of the metropolis. It was then known as the Athenæum Dancing Academy, and the habitues were mostly residents in the vicinity of Pentonville, Hoxton, St. Luke's, and Clerkenwell, though the assemblies were generally strengthened by exponents of the art from all parts of London and the suburbs. Now it is a working man's club, and is known as the Central Finsbury Radical Club. Those who thoroughly understand all branches of the sport formed an amateur boxing class. Charley King, who made the North London Club the best in the Club and Institute Union, has the management of the boxing department, and, being one of the best promoters of the day, is bound to make a record here. A special entertainment was billed for last Wednesday, and besides an amateur 8st 6lb competition, for which there were twelve entries, two contests and plenty of exhibition bouts made a splendid programme. With absentees and those over weight the competitors were reduced to six, and these made a grand fight for the honours. Mr. T. Snow was an efficient referee, Charley King acting as whip and clerk of the scales, the A.B.A. judging, with Mr. Garrity acting as timekeeper, the wants of the boxers being seen to by Walter Eyles and Arthur Ward. During the evening the following displayed their ability in three round bouts. Exhibition Bout: Charley Tilley and Ted Gamble.—A very scientific display. Three Rounds Display: W. Tubbs (C.F.A.C.) and Alf Crittenden (C.F.A.C.). Exhibition: Tom Smith and Tom Merritt (C.F.A.C.). Three Rounds Exhibition: Bill Lampshire and George Smyrks.—Both gained a round of applause at the close. Three Rounds Display: Ted and Will Gorrie. 8st 6lb Competition: C. Cope (Highgate H.) beat J. Gilbert (C.F.A.C.).—Cope shaped best and understood the business and frequently puzzled his opponent, holding the lead when they retired to their corners. Gilbert was not as strong as his rival, and in a hard rally went down; rising, he forced the pace till the call of time. Both sparred for an opening, and Cope led, but was smartly countered on the body, and after a fine bout Cope gained the verdict. H. Willmott (C.F.A.C.) beat G. Hopkins (unattached).—Willmott was the taller, and had an advantage in reach, and scored fast, having a lot the best of the exchanges. Hopkins led with a hard left on the dial, and some splendid boxing resulted till the call of time. The taller of the twain sent a couple of blows on the body, and at the end won easily. G. Hoy (Carlyle B.C.) beat H. Wright (Red, White, and Blue L.)—Both went in to have a fight, and that is what they did from start to finish. Neither stopped for repairs, meeting each other, and blow for blow was exchanged. A fine bout, and scoring fast the decision was given in favour of Hoy. Hoy, having hurt his hand, retired. Final: Willmott beat Cope.—Cope was the lightest in the competition, but setting to work he had the best of the meeting till the last minute, when the right went home, and Cope went out. Eight Rounds Contest: Harry Connell beat Bill Whitelaw.—Neither hit very hard, flopping the gloves anyhow, and during the first couple of rounds Connell had the advantage. Whitelaw went better during the next meeting, and wiping off all the arrears they were level when they started round four. It was more like an exhibition bout, as neither exerted himself till the last two rounds, when going a lot better Connell scored fast and won. Three Rounds Trial: Jim Williams and Bill Stonelake.—A grand bout, both going well, and at the end they had to re-appear.

GEORGE AMES' SPECIAL NIGHT.—With such an enormous programme as that put forth by George Ames, the much respected ground man of the Tee-To-Tum Athletic Ground at St. Ann's Road, Stamford Hill, N., it was no wonder that the large Theatre at Gothic House was packed to overflowing last Monday evening. Details: Eight Rounds Contest: Geo. Gladding (Wood Green) beat Joe Lancaster (Hornsey). Six Rounds Contest: Archie Phillips (Stamford Hill) beat Harry Newman (Holloway). Six Rounds Contest: Len Souden (Tottenham) beat George Dunny (Stamford Hill). Three Rounds Exhibition Bout: Johnny Thomas and Dick Parkes.—This should have been a contest, but Thomas had hurt his hand in his last engagement, and the bout was just as good as many contests proper. Six Rounds Contest: "Jumbo" Nicholls (Tottenham) beat Geo. Nash (Walthamstow). Six Rounds Contest: Harry Brooks (Walthamstow) beat Bert Smith (Holloway).

J. DOLAN, OF LEEDS, REFUSES to answer any more paper talk from McManus unless accompanied by a deposit. Failing McManus, Dolan would be pleased to hear from Fitzpatrick, of America, with the view of making a match.

BOXING IN NORTH WALES.

ON FRIDAY, AT WREXHAM, IN THE gymnasium presided over by Professor Roberts, an 8st competition was decided. Much interest was shown in the meeting of Con Leonard, who recently left Professor Kelly in America, and who is staying here with some friends, and Tommy Noble, who seems so far invincible at 7st 4lb in Wales. Noble (Liverpool) beat Con Leonard (America).—Noble early in the first round floored his man, but the Yankee drew first blood by a flush hit on the mouth, jabbing Noble repeatedly. In the third round Noble drew level by some good two-handed work, although a bit puzzled by the Yankee's style of boxing. After ducking to a vicious swing Noble landed left and right on the mark, flooring the American, who was counted out. Smart beat Jones.—After two fairly even rounds Smart took a slight lead, but in the third round Jones pulled up a bit; but Smart, boxing coolly, never lost his head, and won with something to spare. Di Roberts (Swansea) beat Davies (Carnarvon).—Davies did his best to keep level, but Roberts was too strong, and Davies' seconds threw up the sponge in the second round. Peters (Cardiff) beat P. Williams.—Peters, with all the natural advantages in his favour, forced Williams all over the ring, and early in the second round he floored him, when he was counted out. Second series: Noble (Liverpool) beat Di Roberts (Swansea).—Di Roberts stood well over his man, but made a slow start, and was receiver-general. Round 2. They indulged in some heavy slogging, and Roberts, receiving a heavy jolt on the chin, was counted out. Smart (Wrexham) beat Peters (Cardiff).—Both started at a quick pace, first one leading, then the other, but Peters seemed to be going the stronger. However, early in the second round Smart steadied his man by some good lefts, and drove him to his corner, where he administered the coup de grace. Final: Noble beat Smart.—Noble was very slippery, his opponent not knowing where his head was, and though he forced the work Noble was always there. Second and third rounds Smart made the work hot, but Noble with a smashing right sent him staggering across the ring. Fourth round Smart contested every inch with gameness, but he never seemed to get over that right-hand hit, and after being sent to the boards for the fourth time Noble with a swinging left put the decision beyond doubt. Noble, who can scale at 7st 4lb in condition, deserves every credit for his meritorious victory. He will now travel with Professor Roberts's troupe of boxers.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO JEMMY Laxton. — Jemmy Laxton was once upon a time one of the best feather-weights who ever stripped, and his contest in the final of a light-weight boxing contest, inaugurated at Sadler's Wells now nearly a quarter of a century ago, with "Soldier" Robinson was one of the best bouts of modern boxing. Jemmy Laxton, as a representative professional boxer, was selected to meet the crack amateur champion, Tommy Hill, at Lillie Bridge Grounds, but Jemmy was old and stale, and the amateur had a walk over. ("Toff" Wall was selected after, with very different results for Master Hill.) This once famous boxer has met with a very serious accident through falling down a flight of steps. He is now an inmate of Hanwell Asylum, suffering from concussion of the brain, but hopes are entertained that he will, with care and the best of medical treatment, ere long be restored to health.

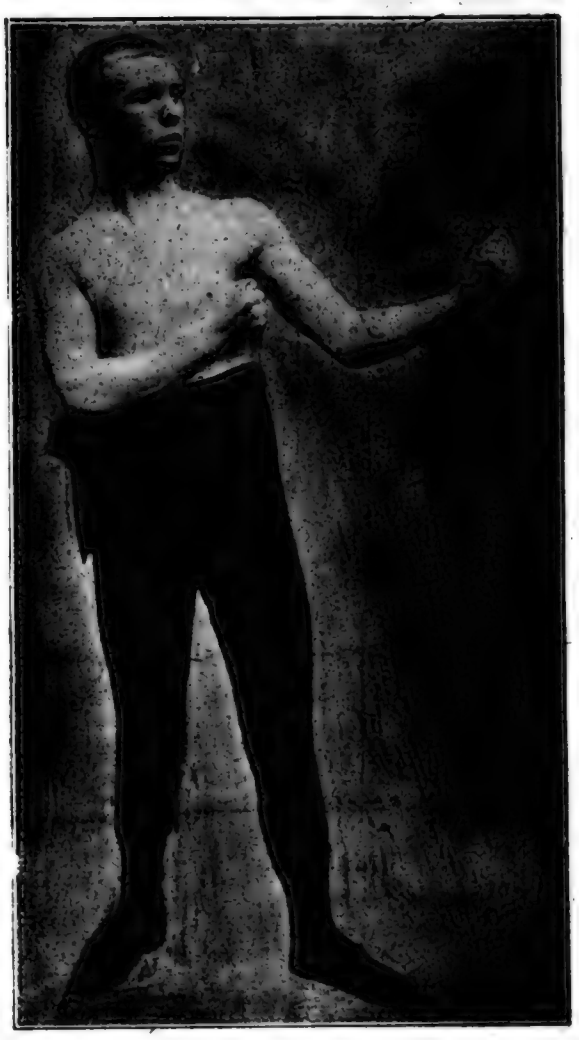
THE CHAMPION SOLDIER FAMILY at the Front.—Mr. and Mrs. Burke, of the Hare and Hounds Hotel, Stoke Newington Road, can probably claim a record in supplying men for the war; also, unhappily, a record of casualties among them. No fewer than eighteen members of the two families went to the front, including brothers, nephews, and cousins, bearing the names of Burke and Booker (Mrs. Burke's maiden name) respectively. Mr. Burke's brother was a sergeant-major in the Dublin Fusiliers, and was killed in the early part of the war at Stormberg, and the sergeant-major had a son who was colour-sergeant in the same regiment. The latter is reported as missing. Of the remainder eight are killed, two are reported as missing, and the other six are wounded, so that the names of the whole eighteen have appeared in the lists of casualties. Mrs. Burke belongs to a family of twenty-three, the majority of the boys having joined the Army, and she has nearly three hundred cousins, nephews, and nieces. An interesting coincidence with regard to Mr. Burke's mother was that she was born on the same day as the Queen, married the same day as Her Majesty, and had the same number of children, born in different parts of the world.

BILLY HILL, THE COCKNEY CABman, after a stay of five years in London, has returned to his native heath—Birmingham—where Bill and the missus are doing a roaring business at the Royal Exchange, Six Ways, Aston. Norah Sullivan and her husband, W. Le Neve, the weight-lifters, are at the present time staying with Bill, and enjoying themselves amazingly.

OLD SKIDDY (ALF SLATER) IS about to take a benefit, having recently left the infirmary. The old one will shortly announce the venue.

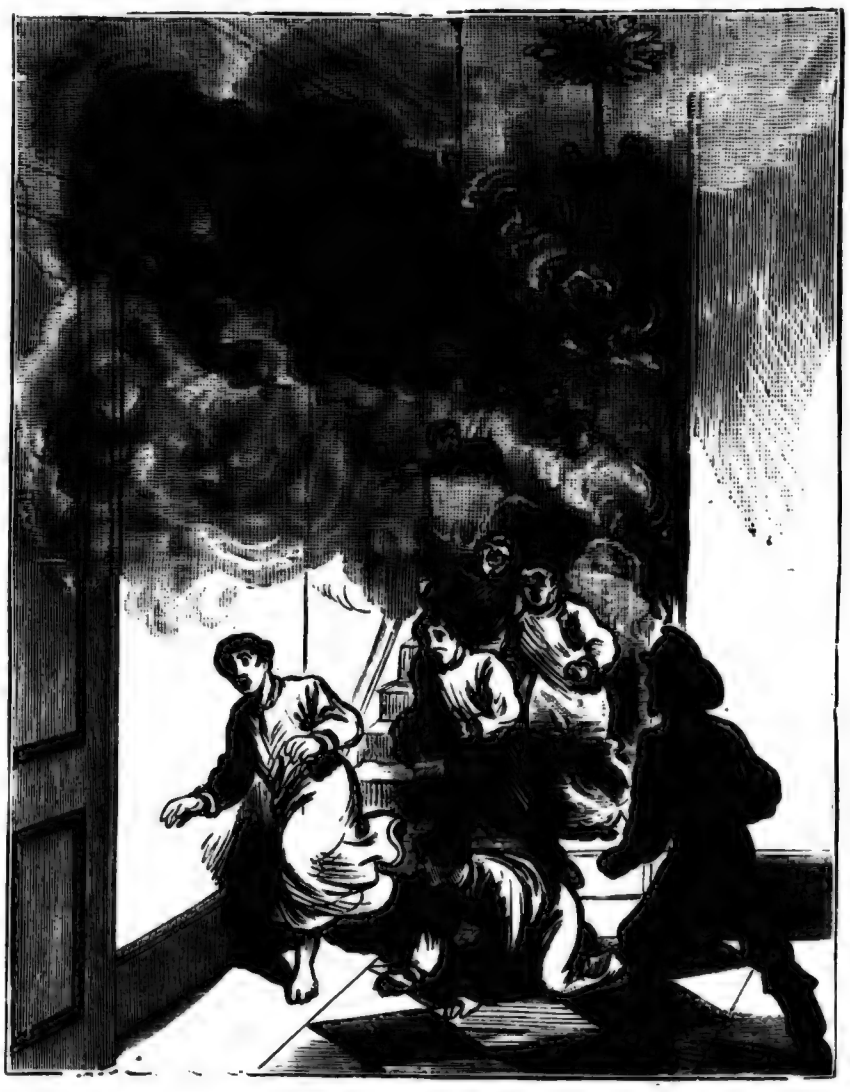
(Continued on page 14.)

BILL FIELDER,
Who Met Harry Mansfield at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, April 9.

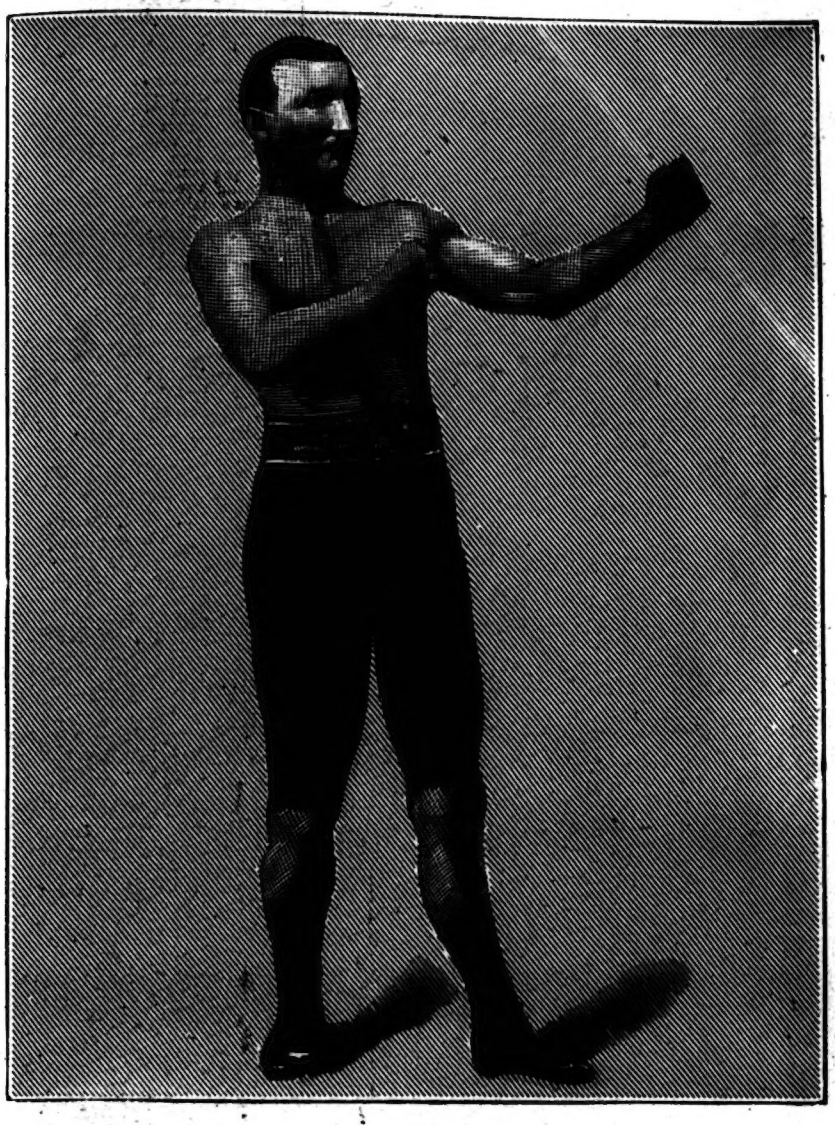


HARRY MANSFIELD,
Of Bristol, who Met Bill Fielder at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, April 9.

LOST ROD, LINE, AND FISH.
An Eagle's Bold Swoop after its Prey.

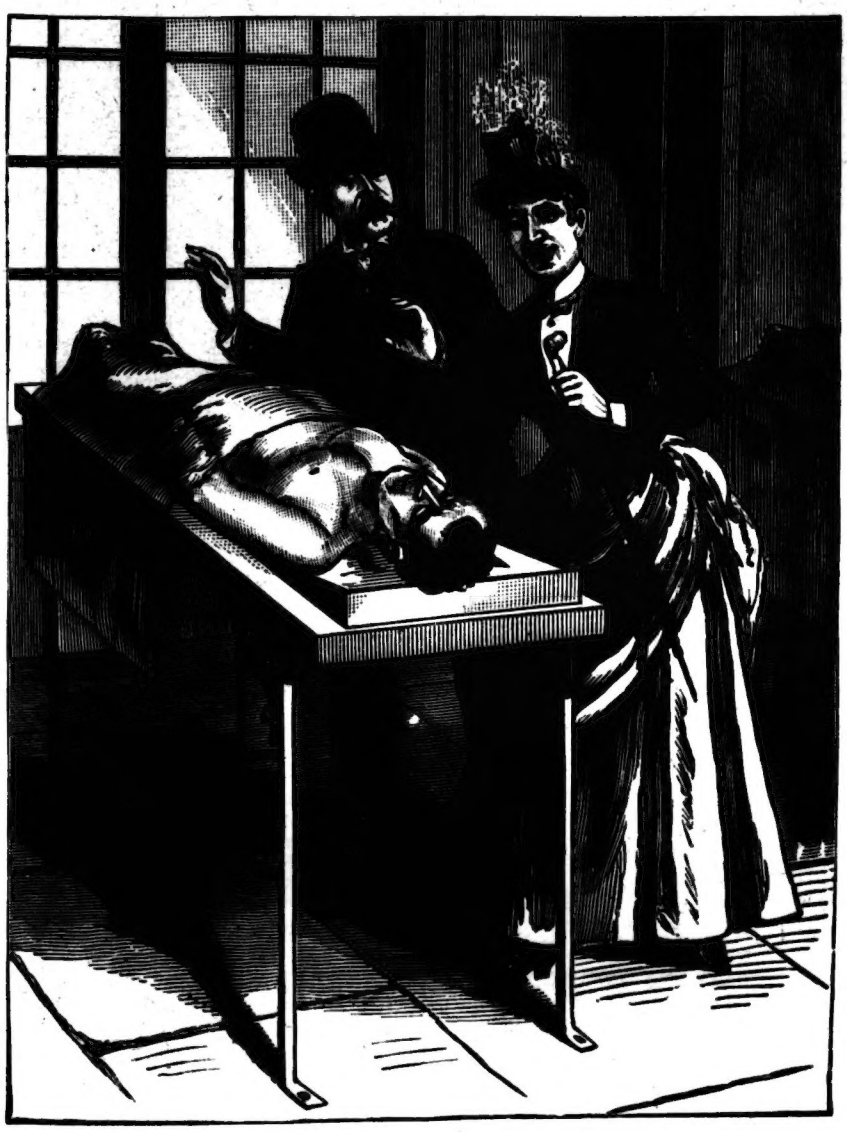


FATAL FIRE AT THE HOTEL BRETAGNE, COMO.
Five Persons Perish in the Flames.



TOM DUGGAN,
Of Australia, who Recently Defeated Jack Lalor (Ex K.R. Rifle) in Twenty Rounds at Cape Town, South Africa.

HE MISTOOK HIS BERTH AND FOUND HIMSELF IN DIFFICULTIES.
A Lady Passenger was Prepared for All Comers.



PLEASED WHEN SHE IDENTIFIED THE CORPSE.
The Attendant Surprised at the Woman's Flippant Behaviour.

A SKELETON IN EVERY CUPBOARD.
How Two Sisters Behaved at Home.

(Continued from Page 11.)

A FAMILY OF SOLDIER FIGHTERS.

A CURIOUS FIND IN S. AFRICA.

EVERYONE DOES NOT KNOW THAT Tom King, the champion of England's name was Poulter, and that the champion's brother is now residing in Hackney. Tom King amassed by bookmaking and other ways a fortune of between thirty and forty thousand all of which he left to his daughter and not one penny to any other members of his family. J. Poulter, who is the father of three most gallant sons, and who resides at 45, Templer Street, Hackney, called up to THE MIRROR OF LIFE last week to relate the following curious circumstance. A. Poulter was in the 1st Royal Dragoons and was deservedly the champion of the Army, in fact he knocked his officer, Captain Hulton (heavy-weight champion of the Army), out in one and a half rounds when the officer and the private were boxing together. During a military competition at Colchester Private Poulter's portrait appeared in the *Dramatic and Sporting News* in boxing costume. This was about four years ago. Now comes the curious part of the story. Arthur Poulter, William's brother, is in the 1st Royal Dragoons under Colonel Burne-Murdock, and at the battle of Magersfontein Arthur discovered the number of the *Sporting and Dramatic News* lying on the veldt containing the portrait taken at Colchester some four years ago. The brother writing home describing this find forwarded his father the picture. William Poulter bought himself out of the 1st Dragoon Guards, and is now in America teaching boxing, and is known as Professor Poulter. Another son, Alfred Poulter, is in the 1st King's Dragoon Guards, stationed at Dublin, where he won the heavy-weight championship. Boxing must certainly run in the blood of the family of the brother of the late champion of England.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, NEWCASTLE.—With expectations of seeing a programme of the customary excellence there was a crowded house of spectators at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening. Those who attended with the expectation mentioned, however, were treated to an agreeable surprise, for the entertainment, which promised well from a glance at the names of the contestants, evolved itself into one such as we may venture to say has never been excelled. And this was the encomium expressed by all at the fall of the curtain, so to say. The enthusiasm during the various bouts was unbounded, and the various boxers came in for the heartiest of applause. The first pair to gain the genuinely-expressed pleasure of the people were Young Johnson and Young Brown, who boxed in their best style, but if their display was appreciated, that of J. Tait and "Darkey" Carpenter also deserved the hearty plaudits which it received. Dick Johnson entered the ring with T. Elliott, but we hope Elliott will not take umbrage when we advise him in a kindly spirit to endeavour to box in the orthodox exhibition manner when he enters the ring for such a purpose. There is no doubt he can use his hands well in contests with those of his class. J. Romeo and Sep Donaldson opened their exhibition in a very quiet way, but after entering on the second round they went at it in a very whole-hearted style, and made their show one of a highly pleasing description. J. Donald and J. Barnes gave a show which was a mixture of comedy and hard-hitting, when they did manage to hit; but it proved to be quite to the liking of the spectators. "Spike" Johnson and Peter Todd gave a very scientific exhibition and brought the interval. The excitement was intense when the pair for the meeting of the evening entered the ring. They were J. Sharp, of Newcastle, and J. Piggott, of the United States warship. They were well matched physically, and, as it turned out, in science, but Sharp did most of the leading off; but at times the verdict looked like going to either, for they were both groggy, and the least bit of luck would have served one or the other to the fiat. But the verdict went to the Newcastle youth. The contest was one of the best that one could possibly wish to see, and we may say that it would be impossible to find two to show more pluck than did the two of whom we have been writing. This was Sharp's first fight for a stake, and as he is one with his head screwed on the right way we may hear of him gaining further honours. For next Saturday "Spike" Johnson and R. Wilson box the best of ten rounds for £10, and this should prove to be an exciting meeting.

THE LOGIC OF MODERN BOXING:—

"Tis logic, sir, and not the worn out rules,
Of Locke and Bacon—antiquated fools.

Thus spoke the college student when he reasoned that a pigeon was a pie of fish. By the same force of reasoning, or rather logic, Terry McGovern is made the equal of Jem Jeffries. Says our authority:—"If boxers can be compared on form the fight between Walcott and Choynski shows that Terry McGovern is as good a man as Jeffries. Terry beat Dixon, who beat Erne, who beat Lavigne, who beat Walcott, who beat Choynski, who beat Peter Maher, and drew with Jeffries."

BOXING IN INDIA.

ON MONDAY and Tuesday nights, February 19 and 20, the Regimental Theatre, Rawalpindi, was packed to overflowing, the attraction being a grand boxing entertainment, the proceeds of which were to be devoted to the fund for the widows and orphans of soldiers killed in the Transvaal war. The chief event on the programme was a ten rounds contest for 50Rs, given by the club, between Private Maberley (3rd Rifle Brigade) and Private Shrives (1st Queen's). Owing to an accident Private Shrives was not available, and at the last moment Private Marshal (1st Queen's) was substituted. Armourer-Sergeant Rathbone (3rd Rifle Brigade) officiated as referee, Privates Newmanand Wooster (1st Queens), judges; timekeeper, Colour-Sergeant Beard (3rd Rifle Brigade); M.C., Sergeant J. Staines (3rd Rifle Brigade). Ten Rounds Contest: Private Maberley (R.B.) v. Private Marshal (Queen's).—Private Marshal proved an excellent substitute. There was no time wasted, and a splendid though brief fight took place. The second round was pretty even, each showing a thorough knowledge of the noble art. In the third Maberley was much stronger than his opponent, who, after having been fought to a standstill, gave in after a plucky showing. Maberley was trained for the event by Privates Bandfield and Hill. The first-named boxer will shortly fight Private Howlett (Connaught Rangers) for a purse and the light-weight championship of India. Feathers (first round): Act.-Corporal Purse beat Private Jones.—Jones started in hurricane fashion, hitting out left and right with effect, and it looked as if he would knock his opponent out in short order. But Purse keeping cool, steadied his erratic opponent with some straight lefts, flooring him. Jones kept at his rushing tactics, but met Purse's left every time. After a hard bout Purse won. Feathers (semi-final): Private Smith beat Act.-Corporal Purse.—Smith surprised the onlookers by his wonderful improvement on Monday's performance. From the start both men fought gamely, Smith leading. In the third round Smith fought for all he was worth, and won, being loudly applauded. Middles (semi-final). Yates held too many guns for Daniels and fought him to a standstill in the second round, when Daniels gave in after a plucky attempt. Feathers (semi-final).—Marney displayed a much better style, but he apparently held his man too cheaply, which enabled Brames to score some good lefts. Marney woke up in the second round but could not wipe off his opponent's lead. Brames eventually won. Middles (final bout).—Yates started well, York, nothing loth, mixed it, and there was absolutely nothing to choose at the end of round three. Fierce fighting in the last round, York taking a lead. After a tough bout York won. Feathers (final bout): Private Smith beat Act.—Corporal Brames.—"Business only meant" by both. Smith lead from the word "Time!" and won quite comfortably. Smith received a great ovation when the decision was given. During the evening exhibition spars were given by the following:—Private Quinton v. Private Exall, Private West v. Private Walker, Private Chapman v. Private Kendall, Private Hill v. Private Bandfield, club instructors. Captain Henniker, Rifle Brigade, presented the prizes to the successful competitors, bringing a grand night's sport to a close.

TOM WATSON, LATE OF GLASGOW, begs to inform Jem Low, of Edinburgh, that his weight is 8st 4lb, not 9st or over it; but should be only too glad to meet him at 8st 6lb for £5 or £10 a-side and journey to Edinburgh and meet, the best of twenty rounds, but can't afford to give half a stone or stone away. And he is willing and ready at any time to make a match with any lad in Scotland at 8st 4lb for a tenner, none barred, business only meant; and in reply to Jack Dillon, of Dundee, he is prepared to stop him in ten rounds and lay £15 to £10 on, and Dillon to scale any weight he likes.

BARNEY SCANNELL, SEN. (THE "French Count"), now travelling with Alec Hurley's "Lambeth Walk" Sketch Company, wishes to return his sincere thanks to the following well-known North-country sportsmen for their kindness and courtesy: Kit and Tom Barrass, Diskey Baker, Mike Hales, Will Curley, Jemmy Lowes, Jack Quickfall, Jack Thomson, John Thornbarron, Jack Gibson (of Newcastle), Brothers Kenney, Willie Brewster, Harry Thomson, Jem Malone, Tom Barrasford, and members of Victoria Club, Leeds, John Black and son, Billy West, Mr. Barron, Tom Myers, Billy Duncan, Fred Woods and Harry Robinson (of South Shields), Mr. Twivey, Ben Lambert, Mr. North, and Mr. Humberston, &c. (of Sheffield).

BOXING IN SOUTH WALES.—Last Monday evening at Aberavon Fair a glove contest took place between John Jenkins, of Port Talbot, and Jack Northey, of Pontypridd, at Bill Samuel's boxing show. The combatants met for the best of ten rounds for a purse of gold, Northey being seconded by his brother, whilst Jenkins was seconded by W. Lane, of Cwmavon, Bill Samuels acting as referee and timekeeper. The contest was of short duration for Jenkins despatched his man within two rounds, his superiority being apparent to all from start to finish.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.

WE HAVE RECEIVED THE FOLLOWING interesting letter from Bill Heffernan:—

The Central Hotel,
Maritzburg,
Natal,
March 13, 1900.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

DEAR SIR,—Received your kind letter, was glad to hear from you. Hope you are keeping well. Have just come down from the front with a mob of sick and wounded horses. Was much obliged for acknowledging my letter and photos. You ought to see some of the boys at the front, they look like Boers. I was afraid to run loose until I had a general clean-up. I have been on active service for four (4) months. I am glad to get down to Maritzburg for a few days. I can tell you. We have had a rough time, but at last Ladysmith is relieved. If you was to see the country around Colenso and the Tugela River you would wonder how the troops got through. It is a regular Gibraltar. Our troops have done some great work, never mind about the French and German Press. It would be impossible for their soldiers to get through. It is so long since the Continental soldiers done any fighting that they forget the business. They are sending their best gunners to work the Boer guns, but in spite of their great advantage in having every good position and the best of modern guns we are knocking them out. I reckon the British soldier the best in the world. There are four regiments this side a match for the devil and his imps—the Dublins, Connaught Rangers, Inniskillings, and the Irish Fusiliers you cannot beat I reckon. They are without a doubt the best in the world. You can have all your Highlanders, Gordons, and Seaforths; but Pat seldom gets his due. I will not bother you with war news; you know more in London about how the war is going than we do out here. I see by your letter that Sam Fitzpatrick, Jem Ryan, and Tommy Hogan are in London. I wish them all sorts of luck. Sam is a decent fellow. I see by your valuable paper Hogan has in his lengthy record my name as a victim, which is a deliberate lie; perhaps he thought it would make him more important, as I am well known in England. I think if some of the boxing public, when making up a record, would stick a bit to the truth, as papers like THE MIRROR OF LIFE travel a long way. I saw Lachie Thompson out here; he is in the South African Horse. It is the first time I have seen him since I boxed him in '94, in the palmy days out here. I have not seen any boxing for some time. I knocked out a few niggers for practice now and again, and see a few soldiers having a set-to sometimes. There is a soldier, one of the Dublins, called Kenny. I never saw him box. They reckon he is very good, so the doctor of his regiment told me. I have not much news at present. Give my regards to all the boxing fraternity. If I don't get potted in the campaign I will take a trip to England, if all goes well. Have got you a couple of agents out here for your valuable paper. I have been promoted to Farrier-Major of the Corps (Colonial Scouts), so you see I am getting on. I must conclude by sending best regards, hoping to have the pleasure of telling you some of my travels.—I am, yours truly,

BILL HEFFERNAN.

AN AMATEUR BOXER WOUNDED.—Lieut. H. A. A. Darley, who was amongst those wounded in the battle near Bloemfontein Waterworks, was at one time trained for a German Gymnasium gold medal by Bill Whatley, at Tom Gill's, the Green Man, Edgware, and had a fight on the evening with an opponent almost as severe as the above encounter, and though blood was shed and plenty of it, Darley soon recovered from his wounds. Lieutenant Darley is a well-known member of the National Sporting Club, and comes of an old Yorkshire family residing near Malton. Only a fortnight back Mr. Bettinson, the manager of the N.S.C., received a letter from Lieutenant Darley, dated "Cronje's Laager," which the writer was one of the first thirty to enter.

BULLETS AND BOXING.—THERE was a funny incident during the fight at Colenso. The Irish Fusiliers were making their way towards the Dutchmen's left flank, amid a severe rifle and shell fire, and at one spot they halted for cover and a little time to regain breath. Here two of the men quarrelled, stood up amid the singing around them of hundreds of bullets, had a regular set-to with their fists, with their comrades looking on, and, when the best man won, they coolly resumed their march to the river front, well satisfied with their little incident.

GEORGE HARRIS, OF CHELSEA, begs to inform his old pupils that he is running his boxing class still. For terms apply to the Basement, 63, Edith Grove, Chelsea, W.

HARRY HUGHES'S BOXING TROUPE.—"Dido" Plumb, Johnny Hughes, Charley Knock, of Stratford, Bill Johnson (Manchester, late of America), Jack Fairclough, of St. Helens, Bertie Hughes, and Hughes's Midgets, will journey to Norwich for the Easter week.

"CHAD" HEALD, OF ECCLESALL, to Charley Esmond.—Seeing that Charley Esmond is not satisfied with his late defeat, I am open to box him at catch-weight for £50 or £100 a-side and the usual best purse. Business only meant.

"POP" WILL SHORTLY HOLD HIS show at the Town Hall, Newmarket, when the best of talent will be on tap. "Dido" Plumb will exhibit his cleverness. It was here this clever middle-weight fought his first contest, when he defeated Patsy Pearkins. His last contest was at the N.S.C., when he beat Jemmy Ryan for the middle-weight championship.

WALTER EYLES, ISLINGTON, TO "Nobby" White, Bristol.—Eyles informs White that he will be pleased to box him any number of rounds at catch-weight for the best purse offered, and will also have a side stake on the result. An answer through these columns will be immediately attended to.

LANCE-CORPORAL KIRBY WRITES from the seat of war as follows:—

March 13, 1900.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir,—I, Lance-Corporal Kirby, 2nd Middlesex Regiment, forming part of the Fifth Division, under Sir Charles Warren, now a patient on board H.M.S. Nubia (Hospital Ship) at Durban, S.A. I have seen some fighting, and was at the battle of Spion Kop. I do not want to see anything like it any more. It was hard to see my comrades being knocked over. As we climbed the hill it was a sight worth seeing at a distance. I hope the war will soon be over, and then we can return to dear old England once more, and take part in the Navy and Army Championships next September. Dear Sir, I am pleased to say that I have met one of the boys on board, being now convalescent. I am giving him a little practice, and he is in very good form. He has improved very much of late, and would give some of the 8st brigade a lot of trouble. I have the pleasure of saying that he has lately beaten Jemmy Darrell in a twenty rounds contest on points for £50. I here state his name, Jack Hare, of Plaistow. I now close my letter, with kind regards to all the boys. Hoping to return to the dear old country soon, I remain, yours sincerely,

LANCE-CORPORAL KIRBY,
(10st Champion, 2nd Middlesex Regiment.)

JEM BARRY, OF ST. JAMES'S, will box Tom Dixon in answer to his challenge at 9st 6lb (weigh at noon) if any boxing promoter in Newcastle will give a purse.

NED BALMER, HILLHEAD, AIRDRIE, after two years' suffering, has to go through an operation in the Glasgow Royal Infirmary, where a visit from any friend will be thankfully received, No. 19 ward.

CHARLES ROSWARVA, A.B. OF H.M.S. Duke of Wellington, would like to meet Paddy Burns, P.O. of H.M.S. Alexandra, to box the best of fifteen rounds at catch-weights if any gentleman will provide a purse. He will also have a side-bet on the result.

PATSY ROACH, OF DEPTFORD will box Johnny Woodman, of Deptford, ten or twelve rounds, if any gentleman or club will give a purse.

PLEASED WHEN SHE IDENTIFIED THE CORPSE.

The Attendant surprised at the Woman's Flippant Behaviour.

(Subject of Illustration.)

ONE of the sights of Paris is the Morgue, where, through the thick glass windows, the bodies on sloping tables can be seen and recognised by those whose morbid curiosity leads them to visit the place. Sometimes one, but more often than not a batch of unfortunate victims fill the resting-places, and in many cases are buried without identification and uncared for. A man's body was recovered from the Seine at the Pont Neuf—a victim of suicide; but the strange part of the affair was when the smartly-dressed wife came to the Morgue. On recognising her husband she merely smiled and appeared very pleased, to the general astonishment.

HARRY MANSFIELD,

Of Bristol, Who Met Bill Fielder at the N.S.C., Monday Evening, April 9.

(With Portrait.)

HARRY MANSFIELD first saw the light on March 3, twenty years ago, and stands about 5ft 5½in, and tips the beam in war paint at 8st 4lb. The following are some of his achievements: Beat Billy Surridge 12rds, Fred Sexton 6rds (both of Bristol); beat Saunders (of Salisbury), 9rds; beat Bendy (of Plymouth), 12rds; beat Goldstrove (Hanley), 2½rds; beat Fred Homewood (London), 4rds; beat Mike O'Brien (Fulham), 20rds; beat Bill Hoad (London), 20rds; beat Mike O'Brien again, 5rds; won the 8st 4lb competition in Wales, beating Johnny Thomas, of Leather Lane, London, in the final 4rds; fought a draw with Bill Fielder at the N.S.C., Monday, April 9, 15rds.

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will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores. Keep the blood pure, and health will follow.
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